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46TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

SAN FRANCISCO STORIES

11 local writers share their tales of the city

PAGE 10

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San Francisco Ballet in Tomasson's *Nutcracker*. © Erik Tomasson

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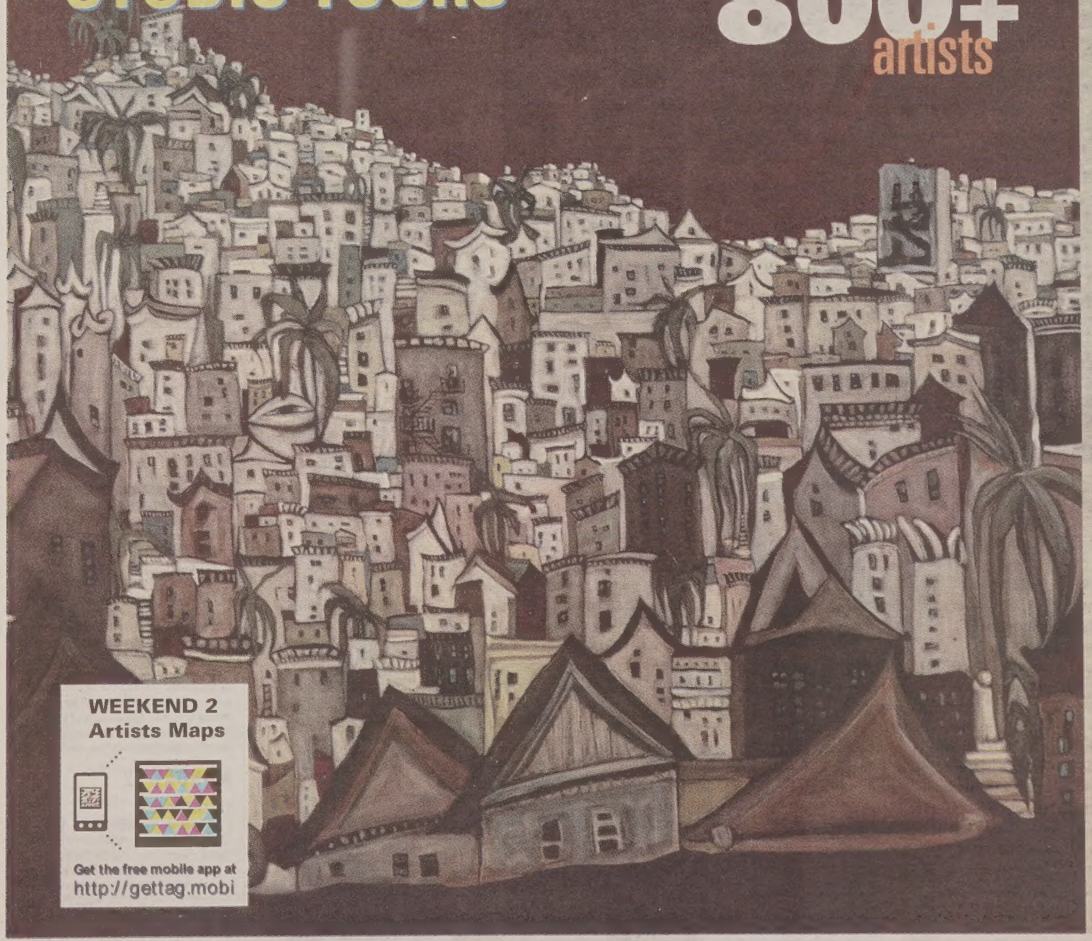

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GUARDIAN INTELLIGENCE

What you need to know

TO OUST THE SHERIFF: $1.4 MILLION

The City Attorney's Office has a policy of not revealing its expenditures until its cases conclude, lest that become a reason to settle and cut the city's losses, or so we were told when we asked a couple months ago. But now that the official misconduct case against Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi ended Oct. 9 with a Board of Supervisors vote to reinstate him, we now know how much Mayor Ed Lee's decision cost the taxpayers: $1,298,820.82 (lawyers, they're so precise). Add onto that the roughly $140,000 that the Controller's Office says Mirkarimi is due in back pay, which is the amount the city double-paid to have Acting Sheriff Vicki Hennessy in the job since March when Lee suspended Mirkarimi.

It could have been worse. If Sups. Christina Olague, David Campos, John Avalos, and Jane Kim hadn't stood firm against Lee's overly broad reading of the charter's official misconduct provisions, this could have dragged through the courts for months or years more, with the meter running the entire time on court costs — and the cost of paying for two sheriffs. And if those four supervisors and Mirkarimi's attorneys were correct, all we'd get for that massive city expense is a judge striking down that charter provision and the city having to go back to voters to approve a new one.

Now, we can all second-guess Lee's costly pile-on of unfounded accusations and unnecessary areas of inquiry, but perhaps we should all just be thankful it wasn't worse. | AP PHOTO BY NOAH BERGER

DOWN LOW AND OUT?

We were saddened to hear that belovedly scruffy Berkeley dance joint the Shattuck Down Low — our go-to for live reggae and dub in the college burg — closed down last week after 11 years, due to a surprise termination of its lease by the building's owners. (An upscale restaurant plans to open in its place.) The Down Low wrote us that all is not lost, however: the management is looking for a new home. Anybody want to host a club?

HOME MOVIES

We live in an era where anything — a skateboard fail, a baby walrus — can be captured on an iPhone and instantly shared with zillions of people across the Internet. But in earlier, simpler, less-narcissistic, bulkier-technology times, nobody expected their home movies would be seen by anyone outside of their intended audience — hence the frequency of personal subject matter like birthday parties and vacations. But nostalgia, historical curiosity, and an appreciation for amateur filmmaking inspired the 2002 creation of Home Movie Day (this year, Sat/20; www.homemovieday.com), a worldwide event celebrated with screenings of home movies on or around the day at a variety of venues. Hit up local events at the Exploratorium, the San Francisco Media Archive, the Oakland Museum of California, and the Pacific Film Archive; the latter's program features a selection of African American-made films, including a remarkable, recently-discovered collection shot between 1935-46 by Pullman porter Ernest Beane.

OBAMA WINS THE SMUT VOTE

The national polls may be close, but it's clear that Obama has the porn vote. A survey of 339 "adult industry insiders" conducted by XBIZ.net found that 68 percent want the president re-elected, and only 13 percent want Mitt Romney, who, as a Mormon, doesn't do that sort of thing. Odd that even that number of pornographers would vote for a guy who signed an anti-porn pledge and appears to be dead set on curtailing access to adult material by the "promotion of parental software controls" and "strict enforcement of our nation's obscenity laws."

The prez has never made a big deal about adult entertainment, one way or another, although the truly scary Morality in the Media president Patrick Trueman noted in a press release, "the porn industry is flourishing because the Obama Administration has given it a green light to distribute hardcore porn to every man, woman, and child in America."

POETRY FOR PAY

We don't usually do press releases, but this is the San Francisco Writers Issue, and this one deserves mention: The University of San Francisco is offering a Lawrence Ferlinghetti Poetry fellowship — which means, in essence, that you get paid to write poetry while you get a Master's Degree. That's about as good a deal as you can get in this world. Check it out at www.usfca.edu/mfaw.

LEGENDARY SLUDGE

An outtake from the Saint Vitus and Weedeater show at the Independent last week. Pictured here: Weedeater's "Dixie" Dave Collins, who reportedly once shot off his own big toe.

PARAPSYCHO-MUSICAL

Native San Francisco experimental musical duo Matmos's new The Ganzfeld EP, a preview of forthcoming album The Marriage of True Minds, is typically mindbending in concept. In experiments over the past four years, the pair blasted listeners in sensory deprivation tanks with white noise. Meanwhile, they tried to project thoughts into the subjects' minds (the EP is named for a ESP test), and used recordings of the subsequent reactions to construct uncannily danceable tracks. We just somehow knew it would work.

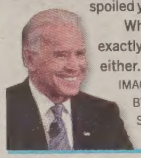
WHY THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO END, THIS WEEK'S EDITION

The latest Internet sensation is a young woman named Trisha Paytas, who calls herself an aspiring actress and goes by the YouTube name of blndsundoll, announcing in her latest low-tech video "Why I'm Voting for Mitt Romney." It took us a while to figure out if it was a joke, but apparently (given her attacks on Obama for "taking away my right to be a Catholic") it's for real. Other than denouncing "socialism, like Mexico in the 1940s," here are her main reasons to vote for Romney: He's hot (and the last hot president was Kennedy, and "we all know how that turned out.") Also, her kitten is named Mitts, short for Mittens, so "that's a sign." Plus: "Mitt rhymes with tit, and well, I've got two of them."

Her videos have been viewed 45 million times.

SMILE FOR THE CAMERAS

We haven't been to every debate in every supervisorial district, but the ones we've seen have been pretty serious affairs. Some candidates were, if anything, too serious — twice, Sup. Christina Olague went into a snit when asked about some of her more slimy backers, and once she almost walked out of the room. It's all made us that much more appreciative of Veep Joe Biden, who dismissed his GOP opponent, Paul Ryan, but laughing all the way through Ryan's comments. We walked away thinking that Old Joe was a funny guy, and Ryan was a spoiled young twerp. Which isn't exactly wrong, either. | GETTY IMAGES PHOTO BY CHIP SOMODEVILLA



POLITICAL ALERTS

FRIDAY 19

SAY GOODBYE TO CONDOMS AS EVIDENCE
Jane Warner Plaza, 401 Castro, SF; *www.tinyurl.com/condommarch*. 6-8pm, free. As we reported this week, SFPD has decided to temporarily end the controversial practice of using the possession of condoms as evidence in prostitution cases. For a 3-6 month trial period, condoms will not be seized or photographed if a cop thinks you might be a sex worker. A group that was planning to march in opposition to the practice will now march in celebration of the decision, and to urge the city to make the 3-6 month trial period permanent.

SUNDAY 21

AMY GOODMAN ON UPRISINGS AND OCCUPATIONS
First congregational church of Oakland, 2501 Harrison, Oakl; *www.kpfa.org/events*. 7pm, $15 in advance. Amy Goodman cofounded *Democracy Now! The War and Peace Report* in 1996. Since then, she has consistently brought progressive, hard hitting reporting to television screens and radios, authored a few books, and established herself as a distinctive voice in journalism. She's also a kick-ass speaker. Come here her share her wisdom at a benefit for KPFA radio, where she'll be speaking on ""The Silenced Majority: Stories of Uprisings, Occupations, Resistance, and Hope"

MONDAY 22

TASERS FORUM
Hamilton Recreation Center, 1900 Geary, SF; *www.tinyurl.com/taserforums*. 5pm, free. The SFPD has called a public forum to discuss the possible introduction of tasers into the police arsenal. Come to share your thoughts on the idea. And if you want to hear more, show up a half hour early for a community-led forum. "This summer, ACLU delivered a report of 532 documented Taser related deaths in the US since 2001, but that has not stopped SF Police chief Greg Suhr from pushing the 4th attempt to spend several million dollars to equip SFPD with these deadly weapons," say organizers.

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Wilbur Storey, statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861

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THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN
225 BUSH ST., 17TH FLOOR
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104
EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION, BUSINESS (415) 255-3100
FAX (415) 437-3657, (415) 255-8955
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PROGRAM INFORMATION SESSIONS

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INTEGRAL COUNSELING PSYCHOLOGY
Thursday, October 18
6:30PM–8:30PM
room 207

COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH
Thursday, October 18
4:00PM–6:00PM, room 311

CREATIVE INQUIRY, INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTS and WRITING AND CONSCIOUSNESS (MFA)
Thursday, October 18
6:00PM–7:00PM
room 550

INTEGRAL COUNSELING PSYCHOLOGY
Thursday, October 18
6:30PM– 8:30PM
room 207

ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIAL CHANGE
Saturday, October 20
4:00PM, room 550

WOMEN'S SPIRITUALITY
Monday, October 22
6:30PM
(see website for location)

INTEGRATIVE HEALTH STUDIES
Tuesday, October 23
6:00PM–7:00PM
(see website for location)

PHILOSOPHY, COSMOLOGY, AND CONSCIOUSNESS
Wednesday, October 24
6:30PM
(see website for location)

BACHELOR'S DEGREE COMPLETION PROGRAM
Friday, October 26
5:00PM–6:00PM
room 306
Día de los Muertos event
from 6:00PM– 9:00PM
Namaste Hall

EXPRESSIVE ARTS THERAPY
Tuesday, October 30
6:30PM–8:00PM
room 606

For more information, including transportation and parking options, visit our website at www.ciis.edu, or call 415.575.6154.

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THIS WEEK AT SFBG.COM

PSYCHIC DREAM ASTROLOGY, COMPLETE EVENTS, ALERTS, ART, AND MUSIC LISTINGS, HOT LIST, COMMENTS, AND SO MUCH MORE! FOLLOW US ON TWITTER: WWW.TWITTER.COM/SFBG

ON THE BLOGS

POLITICS

We withdraw our Julian Davis endorsement for D5 Supervisor, do to allegations of improper conduct.

Judges consider whether the feds have ignored medical evidence for marijuana.

NOISE

Can't miss concerts: Bob Dylan, Iron Lung, Nick Waterhouse and the Allah-Las (pictured), Coo Coo Birds, SF Reggae Festival, Clarion Alley Block Party, and more

Live Shots: complete coverage of Treasure Island Festival

PIXEL VISION

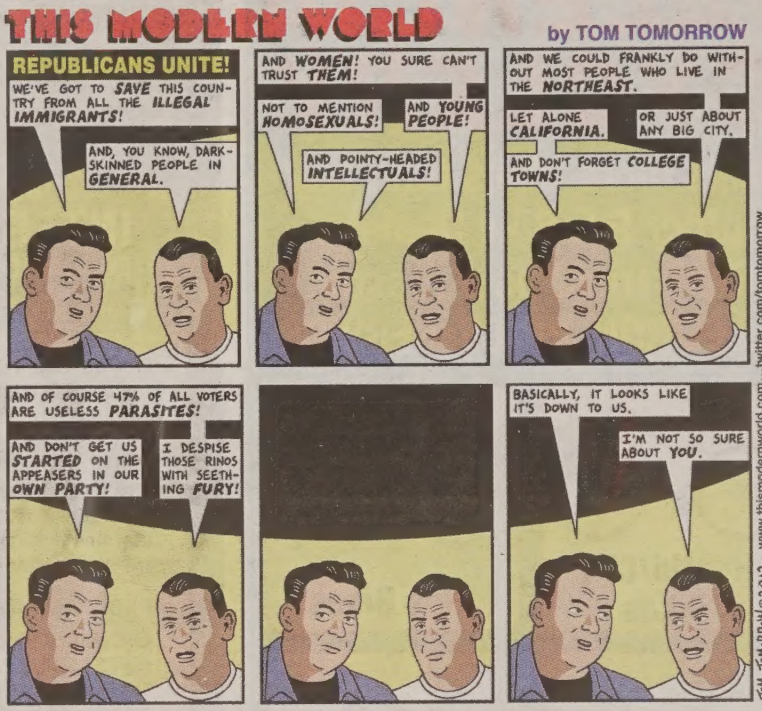
Appetite: We blitz Whiskeyfest

On the Om Front: Our new spirituality and yoga column

New film previews: Cheryl Eddy picks the movies to see this weekend

SEX SF

Is sex addiction a myth? Investigative report.



THE RETURN OF THE UGLY LAWS

BY OSHA NEUMANN

OPINION In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, municipalities across the country passed what have become known as "ugly laws," often modeling their ordinances word for word on San Francisco's. According to *The Ugly Laws: Disability in Public*, Susan Schweik's comprehensive study of these laws, they were intended to target those who "exposed disease, maiming, deformity, or mutilation for the purpose of begging." In city after city a pattern emerged of "enactment, reenactment, crackdown, malaise." As Schweik writes, "what most aligned" the cities "were not the law's successes, but its failures, the impossibility of removing the unsightly in the form of persons."

Fast-forward 150 years and "sit lie," replaces "ugly," as the name for a category of laws whose intention is to remove the unsightly from our public spaces. Different in form, but nearly identical in intent and justification, these laws are now sweeping through the country, disfiguring the municipal codes of one city after another.

> *Any person who is diseased, maimed, mutilated, or in any way deformed so as to be an unsightly or disgusting object, or an improper person to be allowed in or on the streets, highways, thoroughfares or public places in the City or County of San Francisco . . . shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour.*
>
> **— 1867 San Francisco "Ugly Law" (The first in the nation)**

San Francisco is not patient zero of this epidemic. But it now threatens to pass that contagion on directly to Berkeley.

Berkeley's Measure S would prohibit sitting on any commercial sidewalk or on any object placed on the sidewalk without express permission of the city between 7 am and 10 pm. (Since 1998 Berkeley has had an ordinance prohibiting lying on the sidewalk.)

As with the "ugly laws," the fact that sit lie-laws have been ineffective has proven no impediment to their spread. Months before the Berkeley City Council voted to place Measure S on the ballot, an independent analysis of San Francisco's sit-lie ordinance conducted one year after its implementation concluded that it had "on the whole, been unsuccessful at meeting its multi-faceted intentions to improve merchant corridors, serve as a useful tool for SFPD, connect services to those who violate the law, and positively contribute to public safety for the residents and tourists of San Francisco." Undeterred by the failures of sit-lie in San Francisco, proponents of Measure S, most prominently business improvement districts representing commercial landlords, promise it will rid the city of what they describe as unsightly "encampments" of nomadic street youth.

The fact that Measure S is targeted at homeless youth is an open secret. Ugly laws are a thing of the past. It is not constitutionally permissible to pass laws that target people for *who* they are as opposed to *what* they do. The Supreme Court has declared laws against loitering and vagrancy unconsti-

CONTINUES ON PAGE 7 >>

DAVIS SHOULD DROP OUT

EDITORIAL Kay Vasilyeva, a member of the San Francisco Women's Political Caucus, has come forward with the allegation that District Five candidate Julian Davis grabbed her and put his hand down her pants at a political bar crawl in 2006. That was six years ago, but it's still important — and more than the incident itself, the response we've seen from Davis is highly disturbing. He's utterly denying that it ever happened, and retained a lawyer to send Vasilyeva a letter threatening her with legal action if she continues to talk.

While we endorsed Davis for supervisor, we take these charges very, very seriously — particularly coming at a time when relations between men and women in the progressive movement are badly strained.

Since the SF Weekly, which broke the story, suggested that we knew something about Davis's behavior, we need to state, for the record: When we endorsed Davis, we had heard nothing even remotely close to this type of allegation. Yes, we knew that in his 20s he was a bit of an arrogant ass. We knew that at one point, he actually got into a tugging match with another person over the ridiculous question of who got to hold a campaign sign. We'd heard that, in the past, at somewhat debauched parties, he'd made advances toward women who weren't interested in his affections.

Those could be the acts of an immature man who has since grown up. And since, on a level of policy, knowledge, and positions, he was by far the best and strongest progressive in the race in District 5, we — along with much of the local progressive leadership — thought he was demonstrating enough maturity that he was worthy of our support.

But this new information, and his response to it, is alarming.

We don't take last-minute allegations about a front-running candidate lightly; people have

CONTINUES ON PAGE 7 >>

EDITORIALS

DAVIS SHOULD DROP OUT

CONT>>

been known to dump all sorts of charges into heated races. When we learned about Vasilyeva's allegations on Oct. 13, we did our own research. We spent two hours with Davis and his supporter and advisor, former D5 Supervisor Matt Gonzalez. We realized that allegations without corroboration are just charges, so we tracked down everyone we could find who might know anything about this incident — and, as we discovered, other similar events. And we have to say: Vasilyeva's account rings true. Davis's categorical denial does not.

More than that, we were offended that he in effect threatened with a lawsuit a woman who, at some peril to herself, came forward to tell the public information about someone who is running for elected office. What was the point of that, if not to intimidate her? It's highly unlikely he's going to sue (and drag this whole mess into court). He says he was just trying to send a message that he has a legal right to respond to defamation, but this is a political campaign; if he didn't want to deal publicly with what he must have known were these sorts of potential allegations, he shouldn't have run for office.

This is a bad time for progressives in San Francisco. The Mirkarimi case has brought to the fore some deep and painful rifts; a lot of women feel that (mostly male) progressive leaders have pushed their issues to the side. For the future of the movement and the city, the left has to come together and try to heal. This situation isn't helping a bit.

Davis needs to face facts: Supervisors John Avalos and David Campos have withdrawn their endorsements. Assembly member Tom Ammiano is almost certain to do the same. With his inability to handle the very credible charge that he not only groped a woman but lied about it, Davis no longer has a viable campaign in the most progressive district in the city, and we can't continue to support him.

We have said it many times before: People on the left need to be able to put their own ambitions aside sometimes and do what's right for the cause. Davis can't win. He's embarrassing his former allies. He needs to focus on coming to terms with his past and rebuilding his life. And for the good of the progressive movement, he needs to announce that he's ending his campaign, withdrawing from the race, and urging his supporters to vote for another candidate. SFBG

THE RETURN OF THE UGLY LAWS

CONT>>

tutionally void for vagueness. The workaround for these constitutional obstacles is to pass laws against specific behaviors associated with people whom we don't want in our public space. Like laws prohibiting sitting on the sidewalk.

More than a hundred years ago, Anatole France famously praised "the majestic equality of the law that forbids the rich and the poor alike to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." He would no doubt smile at a law that forbids everybody from sitting on the sidewalk. Measure S is supported by people who hide behind its "majestic equality," but count on a "majestic *inequality*," in its enforcement. They believe, without reservation, that it will always be enforced against *others*.

I don't like using disease metaphors in politics. Susan Schweik describes the spread of ugly laws as a "contagion," and it's hard to resist a similar metaphor for the spread of sit-lie laws. But what is really at stake here is an ugly tendency in national politics, spread not by an anonymous bug, but by people in positions of power and influence, to shift the blame for our sour economy from those who run the system to those who are run over by it: labor unions, public employees, teachers, immigrants, and now, in Berkeley and too many other cities, people who are homeless.

If Berkeley passes Measure S, sit-lie laws could be greenlighted across the nation, for who could object that such laws are unfair and mean spirited if oh-so-radical Berkeley passed one? On the other hand, if we defeat measure S Berkeley has a chance to model how a community can come together to find real solutions to real problems in hard economic times. SFBG

Osha Neumann is an attorney with the East Bay Community Law Center, and Chair of Berkeley Standing Up for the Right to Sit Down/No on Measure S. For more on the measure, visit www.noonsberkeley.com.

UPCOMING GUARDIAN SPECIAL ISSUES

FEAST
A FOOD AND DRINK GUIDE
OCTOBER 24

VOTER CLIP OUT GUIDE
OCTOBER 31

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NOVEMBER 14

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FREE PROGRAMS

OCTOBER 19

6–8:45 PM

Wilsey Court
Americano Social Club, led by Michael Zisman on mandolin and featuring guitarist Jason Vanderford, bassist Joe Kyle Jr., and accordionist Mark Davis, will play music for *la dolce vita*: a mix of romantic and eclectic melodies from all over the world.

Hands-on art making

Koret Auditorium
Native American Poetry Series, organized by Kim Shuck featuring Naomi Quiñonez, Mica Valdez, and Luke Warm Water

Piazzoni Mural Rooms
Artist Fellow Monique Jenkinson shares a portion of her work-in-progress, *Instrument*.

Kimball Education Gallery
Artist Fellows Sean Orlando and Rebar present *Urbanauts*

All Friday Nights feature open galleries, dining, and cocktails (fees apply).

deyoungmuseum.org/fridays

THE HEARST FOUNDATIONS
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Image: Americano Social Club, photo by Dennis Hearne

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10.10-10.16.2012

CALL IN THE MACHINES

The technorati who make up a group called sf.citi have a video floating around the Interwebs, and it's nowhere near as creative as the works of Fred Davis (See "Demon Sheep"). In fact, it's pretty lame, as these things go, full of the worst kind of whining white boys who think San Francisco sucks because you can't get a cab by sticking your hand out on the street. (Oh, and according to the video, you need a cab to get home from the Marina with your date, who lives in the Sunset, where maybe you can get laid — unless she thinks you're not manly enough to get her a cab.)

They hate parking tickets, too. And bicyclists (or at least the angry ones). And vegans who write anti-meat graffiti on the walls.

Pretty much a portrait of a city in sharp decline, huh?

But wait: With new machines we can fix it all. An app that lets you pay parking meters from afar, an electronic scoreboard showing where all the cabs are in real time, and converting old phone booths (huh? where?) into wifi hotspots would make this place so, so much better.

Oddly, the video (you can see it at sfciti.com) also includes a clip of a Spanish-speaking woman complaining about the hipsters in the Mission. Maybe (though it's not in her comments, which focus on food) she's concerned that the techno riche will soon drive her and her family out of town.

Sf.citi's solution, delivered by airbnb's Hosain Rahman: "I don't think there's anything we can do about that." (**Tim Redmond**)

SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE LINED UP ON OCEAN BEACH LAST WEEKEND TO CALL FOR OVERTURNING THE US SUPREME COURT'S DECISION LEGALIZING UNLIMITED CAMPAIGN SPENDING. PHOTO BY JOHN MONTGOMERY

SON OF THE DEMON SHEEP

It's the season of bizarre campaign videos — and at this rate, San Francisco is on track to beat the record for the worst taste in televised ads ever.

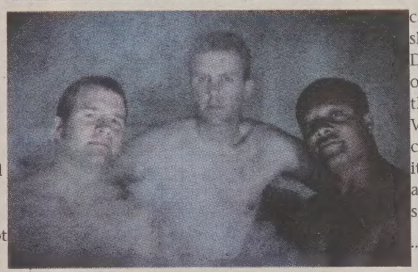
And that's no coincidence: The guy who made the infamous "Demon Sheep" ad for Carli Fiornia, Fred Davis, is behind the two weirdest local ads, both paid for by the San Francisco Association of Realtors.

The Demons Sheep, you will recall, were red-eyed wooly monsters whose presence (along with that of a robotic wolf) warned voters that US Senate Candidate Tom Campbell wasn't a real conservative. Nobody in California had ever seen anything like it before — and with all the befuddled pundits wondering what the fuck that was about, the ad, and its message, got tremendous free media.

Now Davis has created a music video in support of London Breed, a District 5 candidate for supervisor, featuring a Journey take-off ("Just a local girl/Who wants to change the world") and such creative lyrics as "London Breed will bring us together/We're the slices of bread, she's the melted cheddar."

Even Breed was a bit confused by it: "Are the Realtors calling me cheesy?" she texted us. "Is that a compliment?"

Across town, Davis has a group of children banging on pots and pans in the Richmond District and chanting "send Mar back to Mars," a twisted way of opposing the re-election of the incumbent District 1 supervisor. After making fun of Mar's move to ban toys in Happy Meals (something the Parenthood Division of our Editorial Board fully supported), the ad suggests that he wanted to hold Board of Supervisors meetings in the hot tub of his local YMCA. Cue a shot of three shirtless men cavorting around a flume of steam; the homophobic implications are too obvious to ignore.



GRILLED CHEESE AND MEN IN A TUB: THIS IS WHAT POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS IN SAN FRANCISCO HAVE COME TO?

The ad ends with a carefully framed series of shots of Mar's opponent, David Lee — and that part of the video has driven the League of Pissed-Off Voters to file an ethics complaint. "The high-quality footage has the same appearance and professional production quality as the other footage in the video," the Oct. 11 complaint states. "It contains multiple camera angles shot on multiple locations. The creators of the ad could not have obtained this footage without coordinating with Lee's campaign."

That, of course, would be a violation of the city's campaign finance laws, which prohibits independent expenditures that are made "in cooperation, consultation, concert or coordination with the candidate."

If the Ethics Commission gets to the bottom of this and issues fines before Election Day, it will surprise just about everyone. (**Alex Kekauoha and Tim Redmond**)

PARSING THE OLAGUE VOTE

The latter-day Kremlinologists who make up San Francisco's political pundit class were delving deep into their collective paranoia last week, trying to figure out exactly why Supervisor Christina Olague defied her ally and patron, Mayor Ed Lee, and voted against ousting Sheriff Ross Mirkarimi.

After all, Olague not only owes her job to the mayor; Lee and his pals Rose Pak and Willie Brown have raised more than $40,000 for her re-election. And her campaign consultant and advisor, Enrique Pearce, is practically joined to Pak at the hip.

Theory 1: The mayor's crew doesn't really care who the sheriff is, but Brown and Pak care a lot about whether the D5 supe will support them on development projects, where there's money involved. Olague would have been hammered in her home district if she'd voted against Mirkarimi; by siding with him, she earns progressive credibility at no real cost to the people who run this town.

Theory 2: The mayor actually wanted the sheriff to keep his job, so this whole soap opera would continue for another six months while his foes mount a recall effort. A recall would even further divide the left and pit progressives against domestic violence advocates — all of which would make Lee's team extremely happy.

Theory 3: Olaugе already got the Brown/Pak money, has cashed the checks — and was ready to throw the whole gang under the bus to keep her job, which meant supporting Mirkarimi.

Of course, there's also Theory 4, which says that Olague, who has known Mirkarimi for a long time, didn't believe the charges and voted her conscience. You don't suppose that sort of thing really happens, do you? (**Tim Redmond**)

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THE LITERARY LIFE

On our 46th anniversary, we search for San Francisco's story

BY TIM REDMOND
tredmond@sfbg.com

A few months before I graduated from college, a group of Distinguished Literary Figures came to my Fancy Eastern University and gave a special seminar on careers in literature. At least 150 of my classmates showed up in their $80 Frye boots and their shirts with the alligators on them and the attitudes they'd carefully honed during a life in which things pretty much went their way.

After an erudite discussion of the lofty (the philosophy of writing) and the mundane (write every day and don't send bad photocopies of your manuscript to your publisher), one of the DLF's asked for a show of hands: How many of you are planning a career as a writer?

Every hand in the room shot up. And I looked around and said to myself:

No you aren't.

No, most of you people will never be writers. Because you're too fucking happy. Because you're all well-adjusted young men and women with real futures, who will want jobs that pay and apartments with heat and decent food and cars that start and clothes that look cool, and cappuccino that someone else makes for you, and vacations in nice places where the sun always shines.

You'll never be writers. You don't know enough about life.

*****

A year or so later, I was sitting in the makeshift loft of my $175-a-month illegal storefront apartment, and my fingers were so cold that I couldn't work the cheap and nasty typewriter very well, and there wasn't any heat and the only way to get rid of the chill was to turn on the oven, which was a very bad idea because a banged-up British motorcycle shared the concrete floor of my room with me and the gas tank leaked, not enough to spill but enough that after five or six hours the collected aromatic hydrocarbons in the air were probably enough to ignite and consume me and half the neighborhood in a cataclysmic fireball. So: we sat in the cold.

My girlfriend had left me; her cat was gone but the place was full of fleas, and I'd picked one out of my mustache that morning when I tried to shave. I was finishing a story about antinuclear protests for a magazine that would soon fold, but maybe not before I got my $200 check, and all I could think about was:

I still have a couple cold beers, and Brian Eno on the box, the toilet hadn't overflowed yet this week — and fuck: This is about as good as it gets.

This is how young writers live.

We don't ask for much, writers. We don't need better iPhones or wifi at Union Square or tax breaks. What we need, and have always needed, is chaos, misery, and grit. We need places where money doesn't rule and where everything isn't comfortable. We need, more than anything, a kind of cheap that isn't cool.

You go to the Salvation Army or Goodwill these days and you don't see many writers who have day jobs as temps in the Zone buying the crummiest suits and ties they can get away with; it's all, like, hipster fashion.

Writers need real cheap. They need $2 beers and $4 burritos and crappy places to live that cost less than you can make selling a story or two a month. They need to exist, for real, not just for fun, in a world outside the bubble — and they need a city that makes room for that to happen.

I love where I live, but it's failing me. And I sometimes think that nobody in charge really cares.

*****

The *Bay Guardian* turns 46 this week. I've been part of it for more than half its life, since I sold my first story to the paper in 1982, a shocking expose about police harassing homeless people for sitting on the sidewalk. I got paid $50. It was a huge deal. I ran right out and bought a bottle of whiskey.

The Guardian was always more of a reporter's paper than a writer's paper — we wanted news, facts, information more than we wanted flair. And that's as it should be in a newspaper. But we've also always appreciated the local literary scene, and have always been a place where young (and old) writers could find their voices and tell stories.

Now the paper's under new ownership, and for our birthday, we contacted some of the best writers we could find in town and asked them to tell us their San Francisco story. What is the city's literary narrative? What, to use a horrible cliché, do we talk about when we talk about San Francisco?

I'm not surprised that some of what we got was about rent — about the fact that nobody like us can live here anymore without rent control, that the housing crisis brought on by the latest tech boom has made it a terribly unfriendly city for writers.

But they also talked about beauty and passion and the reasons that, despite it all, we remain.

*****

I spent my childhood and college years in New York and Connecticut; I grew up in San Francisco. This is my place in the world, and, as the late great John D. MacDonald said of Florida, "It is where I am and where I will stay, right up to the point where the Neptune Society sprinkles me into the dilute sewage off the Fun Coast."

And for better and for worse, San Francisco is a great story. a world of love and hope and fear and greed and all these people who wake up every morning and try to make it and the world a better place, often against the greatest possible odds.

Herb Caen said it once: "Love makes this town go 'round. Love and hate, pot and booze, despair and buckets of coffee, most of it stale." We are strange, and we are proud, and we are freaks, and while our local politicians try to tamp us down and make us normal, the rest of the world treats us as special because of who and what we are.

We are immigrants, most of us, and we all love the city we once knew, and those of us who have been here a while are the worst kind of radicals, the ones who hate change ... but inside us, inside the ones who know and care and believe, there's a heartbeat that says: We have something special here, and part of it comes from tradition, and part of it comes from the shabby underclass side of life, from the fight against greed and landlords and smart-eyed speculators who want to charge for what San Francisco once gave away free.

And that's a kind of style and class that doesn't fit into anyone's portfolio of stock options.

I can talk about policy options all night. It's a disease you get when writing becomes journalism and the fight goes out of the pen in your hand and into the pen where the decisions that change your life get made. I could tell you a thousand ways that San Francisco can stop becoming a city of the rich and too fucking cool for words and could give a little, tiny bit of its soul to the population that made it great.

I could say that the dot.com booms that ruined so much of this city's crazy madness would never have happened without the Beats and the Summer of Love, and that we ought to honor our ancestors — even if it means the newcomers have to do what everyone else did, and live a little lower for a while.

I could make the case that housing in San Francisco ought to be treated like a public utility, dispensed by seniority, so the folks who worked for 30 years trying to build community without making a lot of cash get priority over the ones who arrived yesterday, with gobs of money and no concept of what the people who came before them did to make this city great.

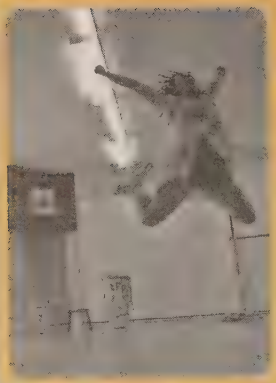
But mostly I want to say this:

It's not pretty, being a writer. The ones who succeed are few, and the ones who fail are many, and the city's poorer for every one who is force to give up because the city would rather have rich people than people who live on the edge.

But in my San Francisco, some people still make it. I love them all. It gives me hope. SFBG

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

We asked ace San Francisco fine artist and illustrator Lisa Congdon to paint a series of images representing contemporary San Francisco iconography. Lisa is best known for her colorful paintings and collages, and her vast catalog of work includes illustrations for Chronicle Books, Harper Collins Publishing, and Simon and Schuster, among others. She's also known for her hand-lettering and pattern design, and keeps a daily blog of her work called "Today is Going to be Awesome." She lives in the Mission District of San Francisco with her partner, chihuahua, and two cats. www.lisacongdon.com



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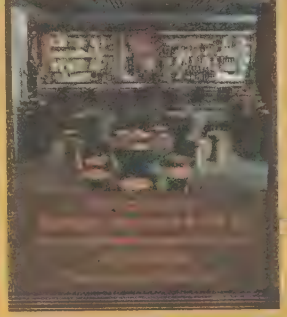

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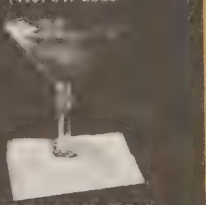

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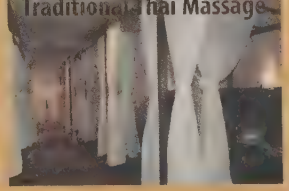

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In addition to public performances, KUNST-STOFF also leads innovative workshops that culminate in a public performances at their SOMA space, as well as dance classes, that are open to the community (registration required) – all taught by a faculty that represents the best of San Francisco and the national and international scenes. Find out more at KUNST-STOFFsf.org

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46TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY VERONICA CHRISTINA

Living in San Francisco means accepting the constant love-hate battle between beauty and the beast, privilege and poverty, art/music/literature and, "Ew, what the hell did I just step in?" It's balancing the sweeping bayside views against the looming threat that at any minute we could crumble into the sea. Living here means accepting a certain level of hypocrisy, from ourselves, our government, and each other. It's understanding that you can't please everyone all of the time so you'd better figure out how to please yourself.

We're a city that believes the good things in life should cost money, but heaven forbid we raise property taxes or are asked to pay cover at a club when we think we're "on the list." We're sex-positive, frequently hedonistic, and culinarily spoiled. We float easily between roommate potlucks, Napa Valley wine tastings and pop-up restaurants (where bringing your own six-pack is not only encouraged but another urban validation of just how in-the-know we actually are).

We dedicate our weekends in drunken tribute to America's Cup/Folsom Street Fair/Bay to Breakers, then shock our livers back to life on Monday with an all-juice cleanse, delivered right to our shared workspaces. We'll wax poetic about the exhibits at the MOMA and the DeYoung when secretly the Academy of Sciences is the only museum most of us like.

We vehemently fight for the rights of all our residents to know the joy, solace and comfort of family life, but hate waiting behind the poor lady struggling with her stroller on the bus (eyeroll) and why doesn't she just get a Baby Bjorn already? We hate drivers while we're bicycling, hate bicyclists while we're driving, and collectively despise anyone on a motorcycle.

We're a city that is constantly forgetting which days street sweeping are on and remain almost adorably hopeful that maaaaybe this time our bumper can hang six inches into the red without being noticed by DPT (it can't). We're a city that spends too much precious time getting our cars towed/ticketed/broken into.

But then there's the love. We are a city who falls in love all the time; with ourselves, with our chosen urban families, with that girl on the BART, the view from the bridge, Dolores Park movie nights, hikes in the Presidio, with yoga, politics, new ideas, farmer's markets, the Giants. We're a city of, "hey, let's give it a shot," a destination for people of alternative mindsets to finally belong.

We love this city with a passion akin to a lover you just can't leave. San Francisco is in our veins and we keep coming back for more. Sure, we flirt with the notion of trading up to some sexy Oakland loft (free parking!) or a peaceful, tree-canopied Marin cottage (we could get a dog!) but the allure never quite goes away. We may fight like crazy, but no matter how mean we get, she always welcomes us home. SFBG

Veronica Christina is the editor of Sex + Design magazine, www.sexandesign.com

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TO KEEP SF WEIRD

BY LAURA FRASER

People marvel that I manage to live in San Francisco on what I make as a freelance writer. They wonder if I have a trust fund, secretly write speeches for CEOs, or run a phone-sex business on the side. They figure I must somehow make over six figures to live in a three-bedroom flat in the Haight with high ceilings, hardwood floors, a big kitchen, and a garden as big as a park.

No: I'm able to be a writer in San Francisco because of rent control.

If it weren't for rent control, I would not live in the city I love, which has been my home since 1984, when I scored an apartment on Waller Street with one woman I'd met in a magazine collective called Processed World and another who'd just gotten off the Green Tortoise bus.

At first I wasn't sure I wanted the apartment. It was filthy; the living room had been subdivided into four sections with hanging sheets, and only cockroaches dared to enter the kitchen. It was $750 a month, which seemed astronomical to us at the time. But it was so rundown that no one had ever bothered to rip away the original wainscoting, Victorian cabinets, hardwood floors, or clawfoot tub, so it had a lot of charm under its grime. The landlord — an entrepreneurial hippie who bought about ten buildings when the Haight was at its most depressed — insisted we do community service as part of our rent. We pooled our money, took the place, and began scrubbing and painting.

Over the years, by sheer luck, I never moved. Instead, people moved in with me. I lived with a constant parade of roommates, most of them artists or people who worked for nonprofits. There was a drummer, a guitarist, and a composer. Maria was a young journalist from Mexico City who came here to write about migrant farm workers. Stevious was a political refugee from South Africa who worked at *Mother Jones*. Gail was a chef who left to join the circus. Natalie taught English to new immigrants. Julia was an avant-garde theatre director. Danielle was a filmmaker who wanted to make a documentary about Ghana, where she'd lived in the Peace Corps. Vince worked for the alternative press. All these people had moved to San Francisco because they wanted to do something creative or humanitarian, and to Waller Street, because our rent made that possible.

During the dot-com boom, my flat became a refuge. Two friends, a photographer and a musician, had been effectively evicted by a landlord who made life so hellish they'd leave, so he could raise the rent at a time when Mission rents went up 40 percent in a year. They had nowhere to go, so they moved in with me. It was a very San Francisco story: the guy was my great-grand-ex, who used to live in the flat above me when we dated, and now he was living in my house with his girlfriend. We cooked and played music and got along fine, until they moved into a flat they could afford — in Oakland.

Until the dot-com years, thanks to rent control, you could make a living as an artist or activist and manage to live in San Francisco, even if it meant eating a lot of burritos. Today, that's not possible, unless you're as old as I am and somehow had the luck to hang on to the second apartment you moved into after college. I may envy people who had the foresight to buy real estate in the 1980s or 1990s, but the fact is, I didn't have the money then, either, for what now seems like a laughably low down payment. Rent control is my equity. The neighbors who live in the mirror-image apartment in my building are not artists or activists; they are tech people, whose rent is double mine, and who do make six figures.

Recently, a talented young novelist visited my flat and was amazed at how spacious it is. He's struggling to keep on living in San Francisco, and I don't know how he and his wife manage writing and running an international creative nonprofit while paying our city's rents, especially with a child. I do know that unless San Francisco makes room for people like him, as it made room for me, with rent control, we will lose the distinctive character of our city—or what remains of it. Rent control made it possible for me to be a writer, but 25 years later, it's a lot harder for him.

Rent control is essential to keeping San Francisco's creative character. But it isn't sufficient if the city wants to help young people who are trying to embark on creative careers outside of the tech sector in San Francisco today. We need affordable housing; we need rent controls to extend to vacant apartments; mainly, we need to want to keep San Francisco weird. SFBG

Laura Fraser is the author of the New York Times bestseller An Italian Affair, *among other books.*

PURO SAN FRANCISCO

BY BENJAMIN BAC SIERA

Puro San Fran: These words have inspired me to somewhere beyond my city and to someone beyond myself. *Puro San Fran,* I have howled into our smashed streets, into the lush jungles of Okinawa, death deserts of Saudi Arabia, the overly intellectual classrooms at U.C. Berkeley — into barrios worldwide.

Puro San Fran can be literally translated into Pure San Francisco, but what exactly is so pure about this Golden Gated city is the subject for this musing.

As an adolescent homeboy from our Mission district, I shouted *Puro San Fran* with anger, as a demand to combat. In different evolutions, though, St. Francis blessed me with different powers that forced me to confront profound paradoxes, within myself and my home.

Puro San Fran is more than a battle-cry; it is a meditation, a mantra that has soothed me and granted me an identity that has fueled my consciousness. I like to pride myself as a *Missionero* and *Cortlandero* before gentrification of those gritty hoods, but it is idealistic impurity to tell the tale that the Mission district is all I knew. I liked to claim those territories as if I, we, owned those streets, but those streets were only half my story.

A veteran Muni bus rider by age 11, I would graffiti tag my name and the name of our break dance crew all over every neighborhood — the Haight, Noe Valley, Soma (back when all that existed there were dull warehouses), the Sunset, Excelsior, etc. At 14 years old, we, brown skinned, would blow white angel-dust smoke halos into San Francisco's spitting seashore at Ocean Beach. During the crack-era 1980s, we would drink and fight at rat-infested Union Square, a home for black-bearded bums who we would share our Mad-Dog 20/20 wine with. Parading our poverty on 30th street after our many 49ers Superbowl victories, we proclaimed the streets as ours, not knowing or understanding that the actual tar and cement would be "rehabilitated" (gentrified) before we would be, so that now almost all of my former *San Franeros* have vanished outside its borders.

Except for very brief stints in backyard cities, I did not truly explore outside of San Francisco until I was seventeen and joined the Marine Corps. Before then, I had never even heard of other major Bay Area cities called Santa Rosa, Richmond, Berkeley, or Menlo Park. My world, my life was *Puro San Fran,* but it was that spirit that also charged me forward, so that now I have trumpeted our unique city everywhere I have traveled. With San Fran spirit, I thrust myself into becoming a student, a writer, a professor, a father, a sinner, and a fuller human being.

San Francisco is changing, as it has always been changing, but we are at our roots Native American hippie Missionary 49er Giant *locos*. Thanks to our counterculture tradition, we believe in peace and diversity as an essence, yet we contradict ourselves by also being hedonistic kings and queens who wear the golden crown of capitalism on the West Coast. What goes on in Vegas may stay in Vegas, but what goes on here in San Fran becomes a permanent tattoo on our souls, and we like to believe we have them, that stuff of souls. We live in the moment trusting it is forever. Go to AT&T Park during the Giants playoffs; you will feel the forever, and you will fall in love with it. *Puro San Fran,* therefore, is a hopeless romantic nostalgia for something that never really existed but that always is possible. With that purity, that hopeless possibility, that profound paradox, I write and represent us all. *Con Safos.* SFBG

Benjamin Bac Siera is a San Francisco City College English composition and literature professor and author of Barrio Bushido, *an ode to Mission District* vato locos.

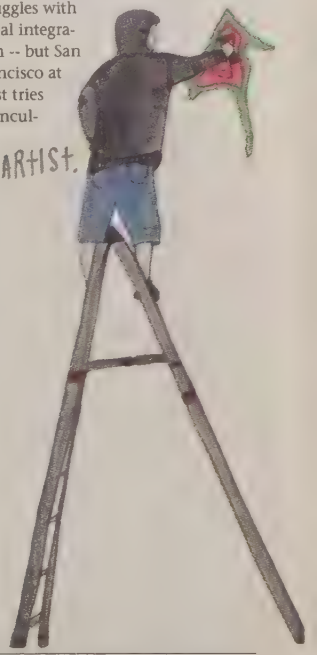
FROM HERE TO PALESTINE

BY ZAHIR JANMOHAMED

Of the many things I adore about San Francisco, one of them is that the word "Palestine" is not treated like Voldermort's name, the one that dare not be uttered. You can say you are Palestinian here and no one will freak out. San Franciscans, most of them at least, will not tell you — as Newt Gringrich did — that your culture is invented, or that your identity (or your struggle) is not a valued part of the tapestry of this city.

I am not used to this. I spent the past nine years living in Washington DC, where I became accustomed to meeting Arab shop owners who dodged questions about their country of origin. Some feared a backlash from customers. Others worried about government harassment and eavesdropping. One Yemeni shopkeeper near the Pentagon even went as far as creating to-go boxes with American flags imprinted on them, the words "we are proud of you" under each flag. Unfortunately, it's like this now in many cities in the US, where to be Arab, Iranian, or South Asian is to abdicate your ethnic identity, to pretend it's just not there.

That's not exactly true in San Francisco. This city isn't perfect and it has its own ugly past and current struggles with racial integration -- but San Francisco at least tries to incul-



cate its motto on all who are lucky enough to live here: just be who you are. You can fly a Palestinian flag outside your business and chances are you may even attract *more* customers because of it. And if you show up to work wearing a red, white, and blue-covered hijab or turban in the city, people may very well laugh at you.

Last week I walked through the Mission district interviewing Palestinian American business owners. On Mission Street, I saw my friend Ashraf sitting on a bar stool at the café he opened two years ago. The San Francisco born Palestinian-American, whose parents were born outside of Jerusalem, wore an SF Giants baseball cap and adjusted it often during our meeting, revealing a full head of hair already graying at the age of 34.

Ashraf remembers car trips with his parents to the Samiramis Grocery just down Mission Street. Samir Khoury, a Palestinian Christian from Ramallah who came to San Francisco in 1953, opened the iconic grocery store in 1972. For the longest time it was the only place where Ashraf's family could buy *zaatar* or rent Egyptian movies. It always had everything we had back home, Ashraf says.

Ashraf points out that within a small radius of his cafe, there are a now number of Palestinian owned businesses, including Philz Coffee and Bi-Rite Creamery.

"But no one really knows these are Palestinian owned businesses," Ashraf says. "And even if they found out, no one would really care."

I tell Ashraf about a sandwich shop I used to visit in Washington DC where the owner insisted on telling everyone that he was Jordanian. One day the owner pulled me aside and confessed he was really Palestinian from Bethlehem but told people he was Jordanian because he thought it "sounded better."

When Ashraf hears this he laughs. "It's not like that here," he says. "In San Francisco you don't have to play that act." SFBG

Zahir Janmohamed is a San Francisco writer and former Congressional aide.

THE SCIENCE OF SUBVERSION

BY ANNALEE NEWITZ

Right now, at UC Berkeley, somebody is inventing a new organism. Across the Bay, at the San Francisco hacker space Noisebridge, somebody is programming a giant array of LEDs they bought from a cheerfully piratical Chinese website that sells the lights on long ribbons rolled tightly into bundles. On Mount Tam, long after the park closes on Saturday night, a group of amateur astronomers has set up telescopes and is surveying Messier objects. In Golden Gate Park, historians are leading walking tours; in the Presidio, the Park Service has just painstakingly recreated a dune ecosystem that had been destroyed by development decades ago. And over at Tech Shop, in SoMa, somebody is inventing a high-tech prosthetic that will turn disabilities into superpowers.

The San Francisco Bay Area is globally famous for its subversive subcultures, from the hippies and punks to the hipsters and steampunks. But what we usually forget is that scientists and engineers are part of the city's phylogeny of subversives too. The Bay Area was home to the nation's first conservationist movement in the early twentieth century, as well as the first urban "sidewalk astronomy" club in the 1960s. The Homebrew Computer Club, whose members included a bunch of weirdos who invented the first home PCs, started in Silicon Valley in the 1970s. The people who participated in these groups, like John Muir and Steve Wozniak, were activists. Their goal was to teach everyone about science, so that we could use science to transform our cities and the world.

We did it, too. In the 1960s, conservationists prevented developers from choking the Bay with landfill so they could build more condos. In the 1980s, computer scientists at Stanford and Berkeley organized to educate the public about the incredible dangers of Reagan's "Star Wars" project, a computerized missile defense system. And today, Bay Area scientists are still trying to save the world. Earthquake engineers at an enormous lab in Richmond are figuring out ways to construct buildings that won't collapse when the Big One hits. Biologists at Walnut Creek's Joint Genome Institute are using a fleet of genome sequencers save the environment by figuring out which plants make the best biofuels — and which microorganisms are the best carbon sinks.

It's no accident that San Francisco is home to two of the country's most radical experiments in politicized science: the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), which fights legal battles to protect people's privacy and free speech in the realms of technology; and the Public Library of Science (PLoS), which makes scientific journal articles freely available online under open copyright licenses. Both organizations challenge the conventional wisdom that technology and science should be controlled by an elite few.

Here in the Bay Area, we use education to disturb the peace. We do science in the streets. When it comes to rational inquiry, we do not fuck around. And that is why San Francisco will always be a city with one glowing tentacle wrapped tightly around the future. Of course, our version of tomorrow isn't ruled by brain-eating zombie authoritarians and mind-controlled mutants. Instead, it's full of green energy, freely-shared information, robotic exoskeletons for people who are paralyzed, carefully maintained ecosystems, and Utopian experiments with Internet democracy.

I know you've seen that future, too. It lurks in labs and libraries. Of course there are always reasons to be pessimistic. But sometimes, when you climb a hill and look out at the open Bay, you cannot suppress the feeling that we are inventing a better tomorrow. SFBG

Annalee Newitz is a surly media nerd who is editor and time distortion field operator for i09.com.

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RONCO Y DULCE

BY JOHN ROSS

Coming out of the underground
On the BART escalator,
The Mission sky
Is washed by Autumn,
The old men and their garbage bags
Are clustered in the battered plaza
We once named for Cesar Augusto Sandino.
Behind me down below
In the throat of the Earth
A rough bracero sings
Of his comings and goings
In a voice as *ronco y dulce*
As the mountains of Michoacan and Jalisco
For the white zombies
Careening downtown
To the dot coms.
They are trying to kick us
Out of here
Again
They are trying to drain
This neighborhood of color
Of color
Again.
This time we are not moving on.
We are going to stick to this barrio
Like the posters so fiercely pasted
To the walls of *La Mision*
With iron glue
That they will have to take them down
Brick by brick
To make us go away
And even then our ghosts
Will come home
And turn those bricks
Into weapons
And take back our streets
Brick by brick
And song by song
Ronco y dulce
As Jalisco and Michaocan
Managua, Manila, Ramallah Pine Ridge, Vietnam, and Africa.
As my compa QR say
We're here now motherfuckers
Tell the Klan and the Nazis
And the Real Estate vampires
To catch the next BART out of here
For Hell.

SFBG

John Ross (1938-2011) was a street poet, shit disturber, author, and for some 20 years, the Bay Guardian*'s Mexico City correspondent.*

ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR

BY MICHELLE TEA

When I was about 21, living with my parents outside Boston, I started making zines. I sent my first one, *Bitch Queen*, to *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, and it wound up getting reviewed in *MRR*'s Queer Zine Explosion issue. I hadn't even known there was a queer zine explosion happening, but my little P.O. box was soon stuffed with zines from zinesters wanting to trade issues, and with enough dollar bills that I could cross the street to the mall and get lunch. It was the first experience I had of being given something for my writing, and, more importantly, finding community with other writers.

Later that year my relationship fizzled and I found myself unexpectedly moving to San Francisco. It felt like I had stepped right into the zines I'd been devouring — not only because the punk-queer scene really embodied the content and aesthetics I'd become obsessed with — torn, cut 'n' paste, glue-sticked and Sharpied, riffing on radical feminism, dirty queer sex, anti-racist, anti-sizest and more — but because the people from the actual zines were slamming up against me at the queer clubs I was dancing at!

There was Lynn Breedlove, whose daredevil fucking-shit-up bike messenger adventure story I'd read in *Chainsaw*. There was Youme, the sweetly, long-haired girl who inked the pervy, graphic novel-zine *Get What You Want*. There's Larry Bob from *Holy Titclamps*, and Matt Wobensmith from *Outpunk*! I think that woman with the spiral-shaved head in the front row of the poetry reading at the Bearded Lady is Kathy Acker, from the *Angry Woman* book. Yeah — it is. And I swear I saw those heavily tattooed, psychotically pierced girls over there in a DIY photo spread in some grainy, Xeroxed number.

An obsessive fan my whole life, it took me an awe-filled moment to understand that I had become obsessed with a scene I could actually participate in. Showing up to dance at Junk at The Stud and getting taken home by the girl on the cover of the latest modern-primitive zine was just something that happened when you were living in the center of everything interesting, San Francisco in the 1990s. No more longing for Warhol's Factory, the heyday of the Mud Club, front row at CBGBs, a room at the Chelsea, London in the 70s, the East Village in the 80s or whatever cultural moment I was upset at time itself for causing me to miss. I had the tremendous feeling of being part of something larger than myself, righteous with activism and wild with sex and art.

I pierced one nipple at Fakir Musafar (wait, the guy from the ReSearch Book???)'s piercing school, where you only had to pay for the jewelry, the piercing, done by a student, was free. Even so, I could only afford a single ring, so I only pierced one nipple, and the ring fell out anyway, while having sex with someone I don't remember anymore. The San Francisco queer-punk scene in the 90s was adamant in its invitation that anyone could participate. It didn't matter what you looked like, you were invited to fuck yourself up a little and whammo, you are getting massively laid. Broke? Write about it, steal copies from Kinko's –look, you're a publishing magnate! Got a bad attitude? Awesome, you are now mayor of dyketown, go punch someone. Every bit of antisocial behavior punished elsewhere was here politicized and celebrated in the ongoing experiment of how far could everything be pushed. And at it's heart, the culture was a literary one, with zines its many bibles, its textbooks, its canon. SFBG

Michelle Tea is the author of many books, including the 90s classic Valencia and the forthcoming A Mermaid in Chelsea Creek (McSweeney's). She is the editor of Sister Spit Books, an imprint of City Lights, and the Executive Director of RADAR Productions, which hosts a Polka Dot Cocktail Party with queer studies scholar and curator Jonathan Katz, at a private home, on October 28th. The link: http://www.brownpapertickets.com/event/282115

'STACHE FRANCISCO

BY CURLY

Hi my name is Curly. I am a mustache. And this is the story of San Francisco as told by me, a mustache.

My kind has existed for centuries in the shadows of the city's history, creeping like a caterpillar up the peninsula's fog banks, limning the flux of its populations — all of whom seem to cling to us in one form or another, even when vigorously rejecting us in a fruitless attempt to "normalize." Men and many women of San Francisco! Lay down your Gillettes! You will never achieve the hairless blonde perfection of 1980s gay porn! Which, come to think of it, originated at San Francisco's Falcon Studios. But still: just let it grow, man.

Some people think I just hitched a ride here on some Catholic conquistador's quivering upper lip, but I was here long before that. What do you think the Ohlone shaved with, sharpened oyster shells and kelp foam? OK, maybe. But have you seen the enviable set of whiskers sported by our native sea lions, dripping with delectable fish guts and lichen? Ew. The point is, I'm not just Don Gaspar de Portolà's gazpacho-strainer, K? So don't lay that colonial trip on me.

Anyway, then came the priests, with proto-Van Dykes worthy of their patron saint himself — they quickly established the Mustache San Francisco de Asís, commonly known as Mustache Dolores. But the Mustache was soon whittled down to a few strands of the faithful. This was during the Mexican-American war, part of which was fought with beeswax and special whalebone-handled combs because you just know the officers of that conflagration weren't playing when it came to styling a 'stache before battle.

It took the bushy-bearded, spittle-stained faces of the Gold Rush, followed by the stereotypical Fu Manchus — which were only known as "typical" at the time, and not as Fu Manchus at all — of the Chinese immigration explosion to once again make me the face of San Francisco. That was soon followed by waves of wild sailors, their Barbary lady ticklers all a-twiddle as they explored the darker crevices of our rocky coast. (Props to Emperor Norton, whose facial hair extended almost as far as his kingdom's currency.)

Playland-at-the-Beach bearded ladies and gentlemen dandies with handlebar wonders came next — it was our Gilded Age, when the Penny-Farthing bicycle was a major mode of transportation, and mustache rides cost half a cent! That's nothing compared to the 10-cent peak during the 1973 oil crisis, but back then it was rather stiff.

After that, those fusty, upside-down-walrus Imperial mustaches became all the rage — I felt like an inverse Victorian neckbeard. Luckily those soon dwindled into dainty chevrons during World War I, then to Chaplinesque painter's brushes (like the one he wore in *Gold Rush*, in fact) and finally to pencil-thin wisps, which persisted through the Beatnik era. But as the amount of our facial-hair expression shrank, its metaphoric import flared: for what is the Golden Gate Bridge but a giant ginger mustache, enlivening the placid mug of the bay?

The Flower Children swallowed us into a mass of facial Jesus-bush, until the Hell's Angels and Castro clones dug us out again in the '70s and made us the center of attention once again. Unfortunately, this stage was followed by Miami Vice stubble, an era of pretty-boy repression which was avenged by the paroxysm of facial hair experimentation in the '90s. (It's probably best not to talk about the '90s.)

Once many gay men got over their fear of anything AIDS-era related in the 2000s, they brought back the mustache, and disco, with the expected homosexual flair for all things fussy yet manly. The hipsters caught wind, and here we are in 2012, our dandified gentry sporting ever-more baroque versions of the handlebar while delving into the hyperlocal, the hypersocial, the hyperorganic, and the hyperhairy. Once again mustaches rule the scene. As if we ever didn't! SFBG

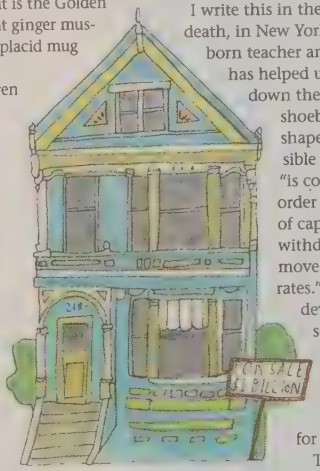
When he's not flashmob-foraging for native copper wire and silicon chips, Curly runs the San Francisco Pop-Up Chamber of Commerce's Twitter feed, located inside the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce's Twitter feed on one random Tuesday every month. (Follow on Facebook for details.) He once got stuck in a Dungeness crab claw for several delicious hours.

QUIRKS IN THE SYSTEM

BY KEVIN KILLIAN

Today it's mostly about the rents. People come to my tiny apartment, a shoebox I share with three cats and a genius, and they wonder two things at the same time—what the mad Romantic poet Holderlin called the condition of "pallaksch," an occurrence that presses your yes and no buttons simultaneously. I can see my visitors wondering, you're only an avant-garde writer at the bottom of the heap, how can you afford to live in San Francisco? And another part of them is answering their own questions by guessing, it must be rent control.

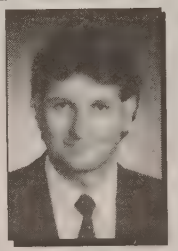
We moved into our place in 1990. Minna Street was then the foulest street I'd ever lived on, but because of the recent earthquake of 1989 the rents were dirt cheap and you just couldn't say no. From what I understand, the building shook so much during the quake that if you didn't live on the ground floor, you got the hell out. And the bottom feeders, like ourselves, moved in. I said, "Lightning's not gonna strike twice," and so far the building hasn't crumbled. We came to love our little alley, the neighbors, the quiet, even the drug dealers. It was the bohemian quandary: if a neighborhood improves, does gentrification automatically follow?



I write this in the mourning attendant to the September 29th death, in New York, of radical geographer Neil Smith, the Scots-born teacher and theorist whose work on uneven development has helped us identify these patterns more clearly. Walking down the streets of a big city, or even passing through my shoebox (for he taught us that the same patterns that shape a city are shaping our interiors too), it's impossible not to think of the man. "Capital," he wrote, "is continually invested in the built environment in order to produce surplus value and expand the basis of capital itself. But equally, capital is continually withdrawn from the built environment so that it can move elsewhere and take advantage of higher profit rates." That's the uneven part of the theory of uneven development. We always wondered why there was so much crack and prostitution on Minna Street, a stones throw from City Hall, from the Opera House, from the other landmarks of capital. But Smith knew. How does rent control even survive in a totalizing city like San Francisco? It has to for capital to flourish, to breed, to flex its muscles.

The legends of the uneven are rampant. When I interviewed the poets and artists who flocked to San Francisco after WWII for my book on the life of Jack Spicer, men and women 85 today if still they live, they would invariably mention moving into a room in North Beach that was 19 dollars a month, a four-bedroom flat in the Fillmore for sixty a month. When the evidence of inflation is pressed up to one's face like a rag dowsed in chloroform, we younger people inhale sharply. And we're the same way, we who moved here later on, in the 60s, 70s, even the 80s, when rents were 200, 300, 500 dollars. It wasn't like we could afford our apartments even then. But at least there would be another worse one we could repair to when "times got tough." And now, instead, there are fields further away, from which capital has been temporarily withdrawn. Oakland we hear. Last month we counted and realized that only three poets under the age of forty remain in San Francisco. And in each case it's an exception—a quirk in the system—perhaps the wrinkle that determines the system's face? The face that says yes to us and no to us with the same grinning wet mouth. SFBG

Kevin Killian's new novel is called Spreadeagle (from Publication Studio). His next book is Tagged, a collection of his intimate color photos of poets, artists, filmmakers, musicians naked, or the next thing to it, edited by Darin Klein. (A show of this work opens at White Columns in New York on October 27th). On November 8, SFMOMA and San Francisco Poets Theater present a revival of Killian's 1995 play WET PAINT, in conjunction with the Jay DeFeo retrospective (Nov 3 — February 3, 2013) organized jointly by SFMOMA and New York's Whitney Museum.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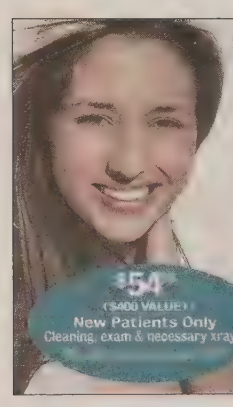

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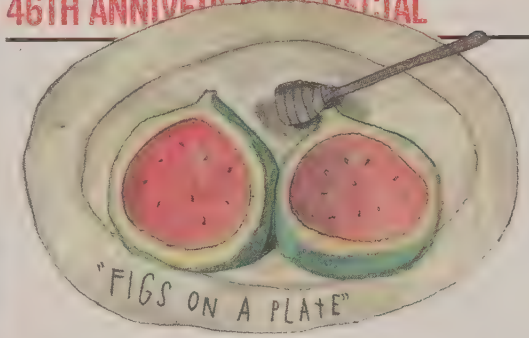
46TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL



A PARTY WITHOUT MY FRIENDS

BY TINY

I have a Vision..(Too!)
of poor people-led revolutions and clan mothers with solutions
including the many colored, many spirited, humble people who still remain in San Francisco even though we are systematically incarcerated, profiled, shot or just hated

Used by akkkademic institutions, Nonprofiteering, complex over-funded government collusions —

From gang injunctions to sit-lie laws —
Arresting poor folks of color for no just cause
From Ambassador security guards to Stop ' n' Frisk-using code words like "cleaning up streets"
so frisko is only for the white 'n' Rich

The Afrikan population Out-migration caused by Negro Removal, Redlining, Re-Devil-opment and Lennar displacement

La Raza en la mission replaced, displaced by condominiums and Eastern Neighborhood Plans, making room for wheat-grass juice and gourmet coffe stands-

And then let's go back to the Original removal — 1st Peoples of the Ohlone Nation — rarely remembered, considered, spoken about or even named..
Caring for Pachamama, mother Earth in a good way, by the teachings of our ancestors every day
So where does this leave us folx who refuse to be cleaned out, incarcerated, profiled or Wheat-grasserated...
We still here, aqui estamos y no nos vamos —
You can't Frisk, me, Injunct me or incarcerate me cuz let me be clear.
I am staying in my hood, on my corner
and gonna stay seated in my newly gentrifuked park
.. and to Google buses, condominium, devil-opers and un-conscous new-comers,
we will be a thorn in your side for life and up-end your corporate, money-driven hustle
with our feet, our love, our actions ...and our ancestors at our side...

"Where we supposed to go, us po' folks born here, raised here?" said Vietnam vet, disabled, poverty skola and panhandler reporter at POOR magazine, Papa Bear, arrested three times in one day under Sit-lie.

"Going to Hell," that's my vision (of the city) — when they killed the black community — the soul of this city was gone," said Tony Robles, PNN co-editor, poet, author and organizer and revolutionary son of San Francisco natives of Manilatown.

"I don't care if I'm the last Mexican in the Mission," said Sandra Sez, indigenous warrior mama and organizer born and raised in the Mission District.

I was born in the back seat of a car, dealt with houselessness and criminalization since I was 11. Ended up in the Bay Area when I was 14. Can't say San Francisco is my town. But I have had the blessing of meeting and being in family with some of the most powerful revolutionaries from both sides of this beautiful bay. From the I-Hotel resistance to Mission Anti-displacement Coalition to HOMIES to PODER, from The Bay View Newspaper, Idriss Stelley Foundation to the Coalition on Homelessness. Me and my houseless mama along with other landless revolutionaries launched revolutionary projects, POOR Magazine/Prensa POBRE, PeopleSkool, the Po Poets/Poetas POBRE's , the welfare-QUEENs and Theatre of the POOR, to name a few.

I have also been houseless, incarcerated, evicted, profiled, poverty-pimped, gentriFUKed and welfare deformed in the Bay. I have seen beauty and felt resistance in this place in ways I don't believe would have been possible anywhere else. And yet now it seems like the struggle is just to remain.

Should one fight to stay in a party that no longer includes most of your friends? Neighborhoods filled with people you don't know and don't want to know. Schools stripped of their color and cultures. Corporate streets filled with shiny white buses for people who can't put their delicate feet on a public bus. Bike lanes filled with $3,000 bicycles and coffee shops that only sell $4 cups of coffee and $3 vegan donuts.

My humble vision for SF includes reparations for black peoples in the Bay View, giving back stolen vacant land to Original Peoples, making the more than 30,000 empty units in San Francisco available for poor, houseless, and foreclosed on peoples to live in. For landlords to rent at least one apartment per building to families in poverty at reduced or no rent, for doctors and dentists to see at least three patients per practice for a sliding scale starting at $0 — and for people to not question "where their money is going" when they give 50 cents to a panhandler/street newspaper vendor while never questioning where their tax dollars go to politricksters and CEOs of corporations. For the SFPD to arrest, profile, and harass drunken white people who spill out of Bay to Breakers and Golden Gate Park concerts with the same voracity that they do poor youth of color — cause then maybe it would actually have to stop.

And finally for all racist, classist laws that target us poor folks, like sit-lie, gang injunctions and stop and frisk be repealed for their flagrant and disgusting unconstitutionality so that public space will remain truly public and people might truly be free. SFBG

Tiny, aka Lisa Gray-Garcia, is a founder of POOR Magazine.

46TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

DAYS OF THE DEAD

BY JESSICA C. KRAFT

Everyone sees the neon signs on street posts over the weekend, but only a few types of people actually stop at estate sales. Early on Friday come the re-sellers—professionals intent on securing cheap, high quality goods that can be resold at pricey consignment shops and on eBay. On Saturdays come the casual shoppers, drawn by the novelty of IKEA prices on antique store treasures. And on Sundays, the hard-core hagglers and bargain hunters arrive, ready to seize upon whatever's left for a few small bills.

My husband and I have gone "estate saling" all over the city for the past five years. While we've found plenty of cheap treasures, our real attraction to these final close-outs is their view into a hidden and historic San Francisco.

Walking into these properties, we marvel at the lush backyard gardens never visible from the street, and the secret views never seen from hilltop public parks. As in any scenic city, San Francisco builders smartly sited properties to maximize views, adding up to tens of thousands of private vistas that each offer a unique glimpse of the lambent sunsets, the columns of fog, or the itinerant Telegraph Hill parrots on parade.

We note how interior design styles have changed through the decades, and wonder how the elderly residents of these homes were able to put up with railroad hallways, stairways both too steep and too narrow, and the classic Doelger home's miniature bathrooms.

There are always hordes of tchotchkes, outdated kitchenware, and piles of VHS tapes. But curious, bizarre objects also abound, mostly in mildewed basements where World War II veterans kept elaborate workbenches and harbored unconventional passions. An orthopedist in Forest Hill spent his free time jerry-rigging prosthetic devices in his basement, which, by the time of his sale, resembled a museum for medical patents. One dusty workbench was covered with scale models of world-famous buildings; the architect-collector had traveled to each of the sites and brought home a replica. Now his Hagia Sophia and Taj Mahal perch above our bathroom sink. My favorite find from one of these sub-floor collections was a drink stirrer with a pink, cheeky plastic butt affixed to the top. "Bottom's Up!" the caption read.

Frequenting these sales allows visitors to paint a cultural map of the city that's more nuanced than what you might learn on a City Guides walking tour. Headed out to the Sunset? You'll likely find lacquered furniture, multiple tea sets and jade buddhas — but these might be surrounded by Guatemalan embroidery, Irish beer towels, or French literature.

Who knew that Cow Hollow's Union Street used to be a bohemian enclave? Amidst the posh wine bars and jewelry stores, we visited the apartment of a *Life* photographer and his oil painter wife who collected esoteric religious books, set their table with African textiles and, we imagined, spent evenings seated on the floor listening to sitar ragas. (We now use their Japanese gong to call our family to dinner.)

Stopping in at a sale in Noe Valley with other baby-clad parents, we're delighted to discover a closet full of Carmen Miranda costumes, sequined carnival masks, fishnet tights, and feather boas. A gay couple had lived there together since the 1950s, each year outdoing one another at Halloween. Thanks to them, our New Year's party last year was extra sparkly.

At a sale just down the street from our house, at the foot of Grandview Heights in the inner Sunset, we inquired about an upright piano. We learned that its owner — a surgeon and well-known jazz photographer — had shot Duke Ellington and other jazz greats playing that very instrument.

When we see these homes and prized collections being dismantled and dispersed, we become the last witnesses to episodes in San Francisco history. We get an intimate glimpse of the personalities that used to fill pockets of San Francisco real estate, before many of these neighborhoods became too costly for more than one privileged demographic.

Ultimately, though, we reckon with loss. Someone has died. Their family heirlooms are deracinated; a resale company makes some dough. A family grieves, and is compensated. The perpetual question that these sales seem to ask is: can we, should we, know a life by the objects left behind? When we bring an item home, we feel enriched, as if some facet of our inner world has been represented in solid substance. Yet we can't help seeing these objects as memento mori. As my husband wistfully observed: when we're gone, and after our kids have rifled through our dusty, obsolete books and tchotchkes, we'll likely have one hell of an estate sale ourselves. SFBG

Jessica C. Kraft is a San Francisco writer.

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GUARDIAN PHOTOS BY VIRGINIA MILLER

BOOZY SHAKES

BY VIRGINIA MILLER
virginia@sfbg.com

APPETITE A wave of old fashioned soda fountains serving alcoholic and non-alcoholic treats alongside quality food is hitting various parts of the country, with two notables in San Francisco.

I've already written about the incredible, one-of-a-kind **Ice Cream Bar** (815 Cole, SF. 415-742-4932, www.theicecreambarsf.com). Reviving the lactart, phosphate, and traditional sassafras root beer, it reaches past the 1950s all the way back to the 1890s. Recent changes at the family friendly shop include the launch of a food menu of comfortable diner fare and the gain of a beer and wine license.

An egg salad sandwich — made with slices of thick, house-baked brioche and served with a pickle and roasted vegetable salad or house-made sweet potato chips, as with all sandwiches here — is soft and lively, with chives, arugula, and the clincher: pimento cheese. My favorite, the tuna melt, evokes childhood, elevated by Gruyere cheese, organic tomatoes, and arugula.

There's one "must" on the new alcoholic section of the soda fountain menu: a classic Angostura phosphate. Fizzy with acid phosphate, gum foam and soda, a heavy pour of Angostura Bitters makes for a spiced beauty, conjuring fall and winter simultaneously. Can't Stop is a notable dessert of butterscotch syrup, whole egg and cream, effervescent with Drakes Bay Hefeweizen (adding notes of grain and hay), topped with a musky Carpano Antica vermouth float.

Joining Ice Cream Bar in the fountain revival is the new **Corner Store** (5 Masonic Ave., 415-359-1800, www.thecorner-store-sf.com), in the old Hukilau space, from 330 Ritch business partners Miles Palliser and Ezra Berman. Old-fashioned in ethos, contemporary in style, this all-day restaurant and fountain serves sodas, candy, beer, wine, and gourmet food. The airy space and outdoor sidewalk patio nod to an era gone by. The menu seems straightforward, but dishes become more intriguing at second glance.

Chef Nick Adams (Salt House, Town Hall) elevates the umpteenth roasted beets plate ($8) with Greek yogurt, candied almonds, purslane, and radicchio in honey vinaigrette: it's sweet, nutty, earthy, and creamy. Likewise, house smoked salmon ($10) goes well beyond the usual piece of salmon with potato pancake. An herb-laden egg salad flanks a crisp potato pancake, multiple slices of silky, fresh salmon, and mound of lettuce.

Whether a burger ($12) laden with aged cheddar, pickled red onions, pickles and bacon jam, or a fried green tomato sandwich ($9) with burrata and avocado at lunch, items between bread are done right here. Thoughtful $16 entrees are a steal compared to similar dishes at greater cost elsewhere in town, like Snake River pork loin ($16), co-mingling with fennel, marble potatoes, and pancetta, invigorated with shishito peppers and a zippy nectarine mostarda. A side of house brioche dinner rolls ($3) with honey butter and sea salt makes it homey.

Hans Hinrichs (25 Lusk, Foreign Cinema) helms a soda fountain menu of cocktails ($10), boozy shakes ($10), and sodas ($8), using local or American craft spirits whenever possible. Though not the journey through soda fountain history you'll find at Ice Cream Bar, Hinrichs creates drinks that make you feel like a kid again... with booze.

The Muir Trail is a tribute to local nature, both in name and the use of St. George Terroir Gin, the Bay Area's native gin. Hinrichs allows the gin to shine alongside tart huckleberry puree (huckleberry juice is infused with a sachet of spices, thinning it out with port wine reduction), dry vermouth, lemon, and bitters. Sans alcohol, Lone Mountain Egg Cream is dulce de leche and sea salt, creamy with milk, perky with seltzer, plus a number of bottled classic sodas like Cheerwine and Dang! Butterscotch Beer ($4).

Spirits-laden shakes induce cravings. 50/50 — spiced rum, orange marmalade, vanilla ice cream — is textured and rich with rum and marmalade, accented by strips of candied orange peel. My youthful favorite, a Grasshopper, is a minty dream with Tempus Fugit's unparalleled Creme de Menthe and Creme de Cacao, vanilla ice cream, and a hint La Sorciere absinthe to perk up the mint.

Probably my favorite of all three boozy shakes is the Manhattan. Tasting like a real Manhattan, punchy with bourbon, sweet vermouth, cherry syrup, creamy with vanilla ice cream, bourbon shines though Hinrichs uses no more than one ounce of base spirit plus half-to-one ounce of any other liqueur in any given shake. It's a perfect combination. SFBG

BAT-HURT

BY L.E. LEONE
le.chicken.farmer@gmail.com

CHEAP EATS After the game we went to the Pilsner Inn to drink with the other team and watch the 49ers. Who, btw, ended up winning that Sunday by twice as much as we did.

Our relatively new li'l football team, like the big ol' San Francisco one, is developing an identity as a defensive powerhouse. I like this. It was the talk of the opposition, down the bar: how we had befuddled the bejesus out of them, to the tune of four interceptions, two returned by Stringbean for touchdowns, and a fumble recovery.

Their quarterback, who sat next to me at the bar with a gigantic oozing turfburn on her leg, revisited these frustrations smilingly, and with compliments all-around. I doubt the Bills were so gracious, bellying up to the bar with the Niners later that afternoon, but I imagine they oozed too. Football is a tough sport, even when you play it with flags.

But baseball hurts more.

How I know is the next day I was at the Mission Playground with Hedgehog playing one-on-one baseball on the basketball court, and she lined one off my arm, then another one into my stomach, and then a third off the top of my knee.

Now that she's been cleared to swing a bat, she just won't leave me alone. She's making up for lost time, baseballwise. But gets bored easily with soft toss, which is a shame, because really that's the safest way to perfect your swing in an outdoor basketball court.

So now I am blacker and bluer than ever. And I am soaking in the tub with a package of frozen edamame on my knee, listening to postseason baseball and reading Great Expectations. Re-reading. Technically, if you must know: re-re-re-re-reading.

CHEAP SPORTS

by Hedgehog

I missed Chicken Farmer's FMOIBWFIOBPFFL (female, male, or otherwise-identified bio-women and female-identified other-bodied persons flag football league) game on Sunday because I had a pre-production meeting with Pork Chop Sal, my right hand gal (Chicken Farmer gets the left because she broke it. And because I'm left-handed so, you know...) We're in pre-production on the next short movie.

Yes: already.

And no, you're not working on it.

Why not? You really should be. Chicken Farmer caters, I boss people around ... It's just like any other day in the Chicken Farmer/Hedgehog household except there's a camera rolling and Earl Butter sits on our couch more, often with the Maze, cracking wise.

Anyways, Sugoi Sushi popped up at Hill and Valencia back in July-uary, around about the same time we popped back into town. Like us, they decided to stay. Which is good because it took us a while to get there. It took us until Monday, when the sushi mood struck. And then again on Wednesday, because Bikkets and her mister were in town and the sushi mood struck them, too.

I'm no food writer but both times the sushi was fresh, the ramen was firm, the waitstaff was friendly, and they brought little treats to the table. For free! Can't get cheaper than free. The things with prices attached aren't overly pricey, either. It's Chicken Farmer's new favorite restaurant. But be warned: spicy doesn't mean the same thing to Sugoi as it does to the rest of the world. So don't expect much heat out of the spicy sausage.

It's more like smoky, teeny kielbasa.

Cheap Eats continued ...

But delicious nonetheless. It reminded me a little of longanisa, those little Filipino sausages I so love.

It was the treats I took issue with. A mayonnaise-having dynamite roll one night, and mushrooms the other. And if there are two things that start with m that I don't like, those are them.

But Hedgehog is right: You can't argue with free.

As for her over-acronymization of the SFWFFL, I can argue ... but won't. SFBG

SUGOI SUSHI
Mon-Thu 5:30-10:30pm; Fri-Sat 5:30-11pm; Sun 5-9:30pm
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(415) 401-8442
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WEDNESDAY 10/17

BOB DYLAN

What does one need to know in order to decide whether or not to go to one of the upcoming Bay Area Bob Dylan concerts? What more can you say about a legendary singer-songwriter who has left an indelible

mark on the fabric of American culture for 50 years — the man who earlier this year was given the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his contributions to this country via his more than 600 songs, including "The Times They Are A-Changin'" and "Blowin' in the Wind?" All you need to know is that Dylan is in town, there are still tickets available, and you will never forgive yourself if you miss the opportunity to see this one of a kind icon. (Sean McCourt)

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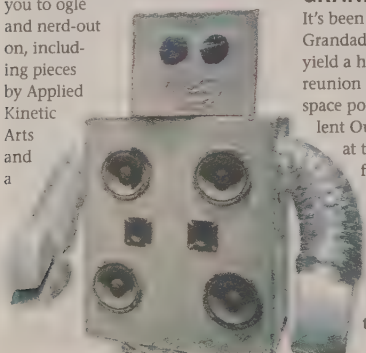
Bill Graham Civic Auditorium
99 Grove, SF
www.apeconcerts.com

THURSDAY 10/18

MAKERS NIGHTLIFE

Do you need to have a reason to engineer cool robots and get generally crafty? If your answer is, "No, just do it!" you might like Maker Faire, a showcase of DIY creativity and cool technology. And there doesn't seem to be a better place to see it than inside the living domes of the California Academy of Sciences. Many projects will be on display for you to ogle and nerd-out on, including pieces by Applied Kinetic Arts and a



jukebox-style dancing robot. If the creativity gets you itching to work with your hands, the event will be ready with a craft table for making freak flags. Or you can just sit back and enjoy a live performance by the very cerebral, digital painter, J-Watt. Either way, it should be a fun night of quirkiness, creativity, and intellectual stimulation. (Molly Champlin)

6pm, $12
California Academy of Sciences
55 Music Concourse
(415) 379-8000
www.calacademy.org

FRIDAY 10/19

JASON LYTLE OF GRANDADDY

It's been a great year to be a Grandaddy fan. Not only did 2012 yield a handful of unexpected reunion shows for the Modesto space pop band (including an excellent Outside Lands night show at the Independent), but now frontperson Jason Lytle has just released *Dept. of Disappearance*, his second album of solo material. Just as on 2009's *Yours Truly, the Commuter*, Lytle's new batch of tracks maintains his knack for pen-

ning achingly beautiful songs full of swoon-worthy keyboard lines, touching lyrics, and warmly lush DIY production. (Landon Moblad)

With Sea Of Bees
8pm $20
Swedish American Hall
2174 Market, SF
(415) 861-5016
www.cafedunord.com

FRIDAY 10/19

STOLEN BABIES AND THE FUXEDOS

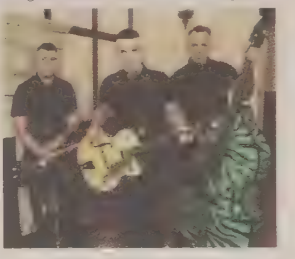
While there's a good chance that you'll be terrified, bemused, appalled, or amazed by the aggressively madcap triple-header of Darling Freakhead, the Fuxedos, and Stolen Babies, you most certainly will not be bored. What with the polymetric layers of Darling Freakhead's nihilistic introspection, the twisted, sideshow extroversion of the Fuxedos' leader, Danny Shorago, and the steampunkish dark carnival menace of Stolen Babies, plus plenty of puppet carnage, costume changes, and apocalyptic accordion interludes, this is one evening guaranteed to haunt your consciousness, as well as your eardrums, for a long time afterwards. (Nicole Gluckstern)

9pm, $12
Bottom of the Hill
1233 17th St., SF
(415) 621-4455
www.bottomofthehill.com

FRIDAY 10/19

TIGER ARMY

Berkeley-spawned rocker band Tiger Army released its self-titled debut record 13 years ago this month — so it's a fitting time to return to the Bay Area for two special shows, part of "Octoberflame," a fifth annual run of gigs that take place around each Halloween. Here's hoping the band kicks off with its classic intro of "Nightfall" and "Nocturnal," a psy-



chobilly-tinged combo from the early days that would set the standard for the group's darkly melodic sound — it would be a most appropriate soundtrack for the season. (McCourt)

With the Goddamn Gallows, Death March (Fri.); Suedehead, God Module (Sat.)
Fri/19-Sat/20, 8:30pm, $23
Slim's
333 11th St., SF
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SATURDAY 10/20

TROLLEY DANCES

The idea started in San Diego, where streetcars actually are called trolleys. This hasn't stopped the yearly version of San Francisco Trolley Dances to become a major hit among (some) tourists and (lots of) locals. Now in its ninth year, this mini-festival of public art has yet to run out of steam. More and more artists — and not only dancers — seem to be excited about the format. The offerings this time around include stilt walkers and circus artists, dance theater companies, carnival performers, and dancers from street to modern to African. You can do the whole

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BOB DYLAN PHOTO BY CHRIS HAKKENS/CREATIVE COMMONS; MAKERS NIGHTLIFE ROBOT IMAGE BY DOCTOR POPULAR; JASON LYTLE PHOTO BY JOHN GARNER; TIGER ARMY PHOTO COURTESY OF COURTESY OF EPITAPH; TROLLEY DANCES PHOTO BY AFSHIN ODABAEE; 'THE HULA SHOW' PHOTO BY LIN CARIFFE; DAN DEACON PHOTO BY SHAWN BRACKBILL; KAKI KING PHOTO BY SHERVIN LAINEZ.

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tour on foot or on a bike if you are so inclined. For a map, consult the website. (Rita Felciano)
Sat/20-Sun/21, 11am- 2:45pm (every 45 min), free with Muni ticket
Starts at Mission and Fifth Street, SF
(415) 226-1139
www.epiphanydance.org

SATURDAY 10/20

THE HULA SHOW 2012

You might think about hula and imagine rapidly shaking grass skirts finishing off a day spent lounging on refreshingly warm, blue beaches. If you feel that Hawaiian vacation nostalgia hitting you, let Na Lei Hulu I Ka Wekiu transport you back. Evoking the slow pace of Hawaiian life, their dances allow you to luxuriate in each movement like a cool breeze rustling through palm trees. But it's not all poi and roasted pig — the San Francisco-based troupe brings things up to the city pace by mixing traditional Hula with more contemporary music and styles to create a dynamic stage performance. Be prepared to open your eyes to Polynesian dance as an art form in a way you'll never see at a tourist-attraction luau. (Champlin)
Through Oct. 28
Sat/20, 8pm; Sun/21, 3pm, $35
Palace of Fine Arts Theater
3301 Lyon
(415) 392-4400
www.palaceoffinearts.org

SATURDAY 10/20

WAX IDOLS

Wax Idols' badass frontperson Heather Fedewa (who goes by the moniker "Hether Fortune") has dubbed her refreshingly unique garage pop-punk-death rock genre "morbid classics" and cites Christian Death as a prominent artistic influence. This raucous Oakland-based quartet brings it on heavy, but its fun, sardonic tunes are quite accessible to the less-than-devout death rockers among us. Fortune's songs focus on morbidity, love, and defiance, and the band's sound oscillates between the sunny, upbeat punk of "Gold Sneakers" and the dark and raw introspection of "The Last Drop." Wax Idols recently finished recording their second LP, so stay tuned! (Mia Sullivan)
With Wymond Miles, Evil Eyes
8pm, $10
Brick and Mortar
1710 Mission, SF
(415) 800-8782
www.brickandmortarmusic.com

SATURDAY 10/20

MASQUEROTICA

Those suffering post-Folsom exhibitionist blues need no longer wear overmuch clothing, for one night at least. Masquerotica takes over one of the largest venues in town — which, hooray, isn't the hard to get to Cow Palace. The Concourse Exhibition Center is way closer to the center of town, way less mileage to truck your thigh highs and stripper-envy through. The bash promises a stadium-sized assortment of erotic artists, DJs, acrobats, and fetish designers vending their leather and lace wares. Rest assured that T&A won't be the only stars present: Kink.com talent, contortionist Sylvia Currin, the ladies of Trannyshack, and lascivious visual artists will all be featured at the second year in a row of this no-streetwear-allowed blowout. (Caitlin Donohue)
8:30pm-3am, $55–$125
Concourse Exhibition Center
636 Eighth St., SF
www.masquerotica.com

SUNDAY 10/21

KAKI KING

A talented guitarist who has done the indie-rock thing and just married her partner in New York last week (seriously California, get on it), don't let Kaki King fool you; she's not another Tegan and Sara. More about the music than the iconery, Kaki King is exploring life through her love of guitar and the result is genuinely heartfelt and evocative work. She began learning the instrument at the age of four but soon became more serious about drums. Luckily for us, she returned to guitar for her classical training in college. Percussive techniques remain a signature of her style though and are just one way she explores all that the instrument can do, including unique tunings and steel lap guitar. Her new album, *Glow*, is entirely instrumental and a little more experimental than previous work. She describes this step in a new direction as one of those things that you can't believe you've made, like something bigger than you must have been helping out. (Champlin)
With Lady Lamb the Beekeeper
7pm, $20; 9pm, $15
Yoshi's SF
1330 Fillmore, SF
(415) 655-5600
www.yoshis.com

MONDAY 10/22

ULTRAÍSTA

Few artists split the difference between alt and mainstream as convincingly as Radiohead/Beck/R.E.M. mega-producer Nigel Godrich. Yet, while he's built a giant reputation as a behind-the-scenes figure, the guy's true musical sensibility has always remained somewhat of a mystery. Until now, with the development of Ultraísta: a hypnotic, Afrobeaty, Krautified synth-pop band he can proudly call his own. Think of them as a 21st century equivalent to Garbage: another supergroup of sorts, featuring assertive female vocals, synth contributions from an elusive knob-twiddler for the stars (in their case, Nirvana producer Butch Vig), and deep, layered production that's constantly busy but never muddy or overstuffed. On Ultraísta's self-titled debut, Godrich's angular, heavily syncopated King of Limbs aesthetic remains in full force; we're just glad to hear him writing the hooks this time around. (Taylor Kaplan)
With Astronauts, etc.
8pm, $18
Independent
628 Divisadero, SF
(415) 771-1421
www.theindependentsf.com

TUESDAY 10/23

DAN DEACON

If there were anything that could top the hyperkinetic charm of a Dan Deacon album, it would likely be a Dan Deacon show. The Baltimore-based experimental electronic musician treats live performances as joyous, life-affirming events full of enthusiastic crowd participation, all spearheaded by Deacon himself. *America*, his newest LP, continues to evolve the more nuanced and fleshed out sound he first dabbled with on *Bromst* in 2009. As a result, this tour's live shows will include a full backing ensemble to help recreate *America*'s frenetic blend of electronic composition and live orchestration. (Moblad)
With Height with Friends, Chester Endersby Gwazda, Alan Resnick
8pm, $16
Great American Music Hall
859 O'Farrell, SF
(415) 885-0750
www.slimspresents.com SFBG

The Guardian listings deadline is two weeks prior to our Wednesday publication date. To submit an item for consideration, please include the title of the event, a brief description of the event, date and time, venue name, street address (listing cross streets only isn't sufficient), city, telephone number readers can call for more information, telephone number for media, and admission costs. Send information to Listings, the Guardian, 225 Bush, 17th Flr., SF, CA 94105; or e-mail (paste press release into e-mail body — no attachments, please) to listings@sfbg.com. Digital photos may be submitted in jpeg format; the image must be at least 240 dpi and four inches by six inches in size. We regret we cannot accept listings over the phone.

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THURSDAY 11/8
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Brandon Nichol, Jeff Zitrain Band
PUNK ROCK SIDESHOW
QUMRAN ORPHICS
Bill Orcutt, Marissa Anderson (Portland)
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YOUNG HEATHCLIFF (SOLOMON GLAVE) AND CATHY (SHANNON BEER) IN *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* PHOTO BY AGATHA NITECKA

GIMME MOORS

Andrea Arnold offers a raw take on 'Wuthering Heights'

BY CHERYL EDDY
cheryl@sfbg.com

FILM Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* has inspired multiple films, as varied in quality as the 1939 Best Picture nominee starring Sir Laurence Olivier — and the 2003 made-for-MTV adaptation, in which "Heath" is a pouty, motorcycle-riding himbo. The source material may seem an odd choice for acclaimed British director Andrea Arnold, best-known for 2006's *Red Road* and 2009's *Fish Tank*, both gritty films about working-class people, unfussily shot using hand-held cameras.

Resisting the urge to contemporize a classic, or shoot it as a traditional costume drama, Arnold takes her version in a near-experimental direction; her *Heights* makes Cary Fukunaga's edgy 2011 interpretation of *Jane Eyre* (starring *Fish Tank*'s Michael Fassbender) look tame by comparison. I spoke with Arnold about her daring spin on the Gothic classic.

San Francisco Bay Guardian *You're known as such a contemporary director, in both subject and shooting style. What made you want to take on* Wuthering Heights?

Andrea Arnold It's an interesting question, because I don't really know. I knew at the time that it was a sort of stupid idea, but I couldn't help it. I just had to do it. I don't know why I became so possessed, and I still don't really know why. It was a book that I had a fascination with — I think a lot of people do. It's a very troubling book, a very unsettling book, a book that I don't think is easily understood.

But I seem to *like* trouble. I sort of realized this about myself, that I'm always pushing myself in ways, like, I've got no idea how it's going to work out, but I'm going to learn. I do think I'm not afraid of going on a journey that I don't know where it's going to go. With this film and this whole project, that definitely was a very unnerving and strange decision.

SFBG *How did you approach adapting a classic literary work that's been made into so many films before?*

AA I didn't think like that, or worry about that. I mean, I knew that it had been remade an awful lot of times. I think I didn't realize how *many* times. But I just thought about when I went to film school we were all given the same scripts, and 20 people all made something completely different. With such rich material, you can find your own way. And I think when you get attached to something and you *have* to do it, you're not sensible anyway.

I've always said that once I've got an image and an idea about making something, that it chooses you. You don't choose it. And this was exactly the same. I just got obsessed with the idea of doing it. It wasn't like I thought very sensibly about what had gone before. I didn't think about it being a career move in any way.

SFBG *Watching the film, it was clear that you — like Emily Brontë — had been inspired by the setting. The landscape is practically a character in the film, and the imagery includes lots of close-ups of insects and plants.*

AA I think the difficulty of the location really [influenced] the film, in terms of the way everyone was feeling — it was hard to get around, and [we were] genuinely cold and fed up with the mud. First of all, I tried to find somewhere near where Emily had written it, which was the moors near Haworth, where she lived. The moors near Haworth are a bit like being in the middle of the ocean. They've got this undulating, endless feel to them. It's really beautiful in that way: you feel the moors are everything and there's nothing else in the world when you're in the middle of it.

But it's not so isolated around that particular area anymore. We couldn't find anywhere that you couldn't see things on the horizon. So we had to go further. We went to the North York Moors. And there were very few buildings, real places — I always wanted a real location — that were truly isolated. It wasn't like I had lots of choice.

But I really like that place [where we filmed]. It was a very difficult place to work, though, no doubt. Everyone who worked on it said it's one of the hardest things they've ever done, just physically. We couldn't get vehicles there so we had to carry all of the cameras up the hills.

SFBG *The film has gotten some attention for your casting choices — black actors play Heathcliff at various ages, and race is a recurring theme in the film. What motivated those decisions?*

AA When I looked at the book, and all the descriptions of Heathcliff, I really felt that he wasn't white. I was really surprised, after looking closely at how he was described, why nobody has actually done that before. I think if you're being really faithful and truthful to the descriptions, that he's more Asian than he is African. The fact that he's called a gypsy, the Romany gypsies of that time would have originally come from Asia, and they're very dark-skinned.

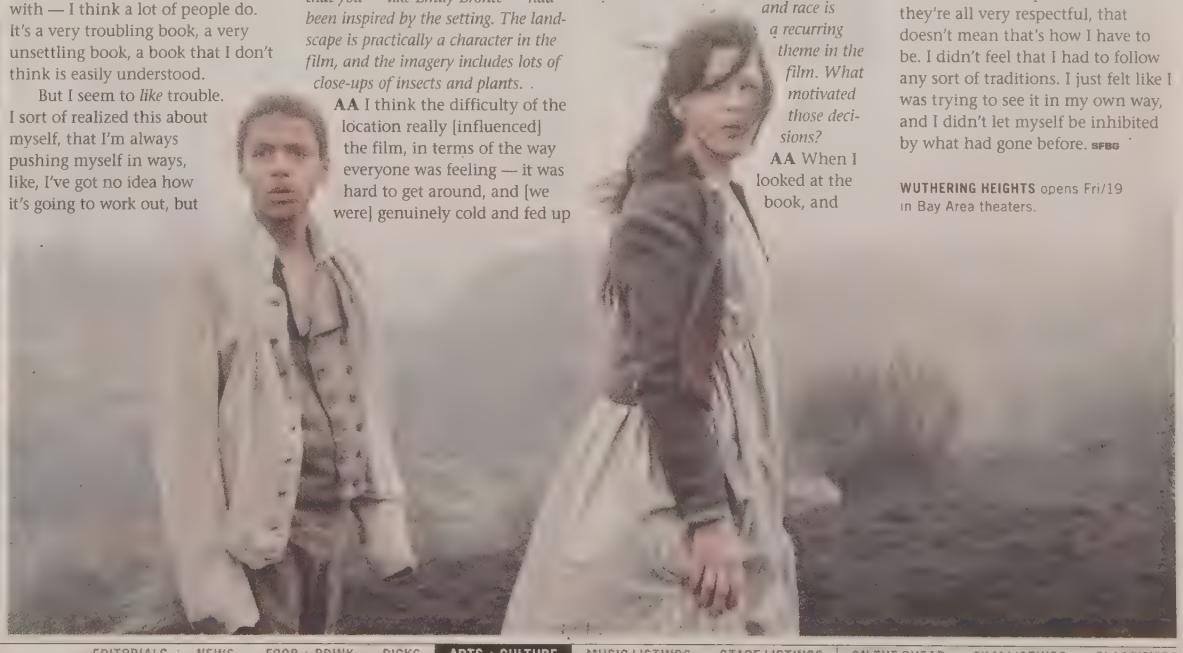
But after sort of investigating a bit more, I thought what really matters is that he's different. I began to realize that Heathcliff is really Emily Brontë, and that she felt different for being female. There's something about the book that makes me think that's a large part of what it's about.

SFBG *The material may be a change for you, but the film is still shot like your other films, using a hand-held camera. Why do you prefer this method?*

AA I didn't think about making it in any different way than I normally do. I like hand-held cameras because if I'm working with non-actors, and there were lots of non-actors in this one, I don't like them to feel restricted. If you put cameras on tripods then it sort of harnesses things. You have to start telling people where to stand, and hit marks. That's something that I don't enjoy.

Also, I didn't see any reason why a period film shouldn't have hand-held camera. I thought, just because we've seen lots of period films where they're all very respectful, that doesn't mean that's how I have to be. I didn't feel that I had to follow any sort of traditions. I just felt like I was trying to see it in my own way, and I didn't let myself be inhibited by what had gone before. SFBG

WUTHERING HEIGHTS opens Fri/19 in Bay Area theaters.



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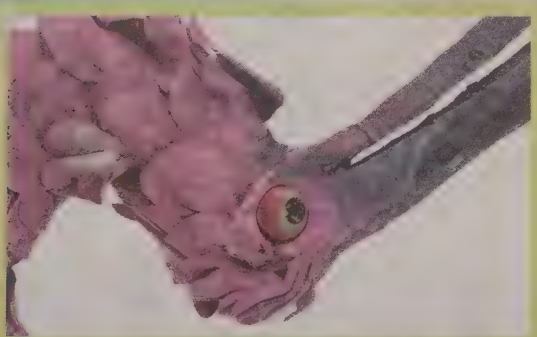

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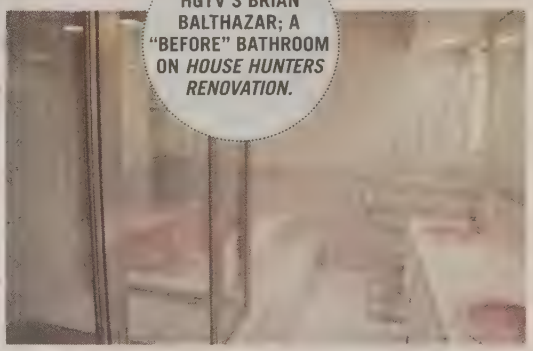

HGTV'S BRIAN BALTHAZAR; A "BEFORE" BATHROOM ON *HOUSE HUNTERS RENOVATION.*

HAPPY HUNTING

Just admit it: you're obsessed with 'House Hunters'

BY CHERYL EDDY
cheryl@sfbg.com

TV Stainless steel appliances. Hardwood floors. Walk-in closets. The *House Hunters* drinking game, which lovingly mocks the HGTV program's predictability, will have even a seasoned lush drunk before the first commercial break. "But there's nowhere for my *man cave!*" DRINK.

Brian Balthazar, who is HGTV's Director of Programming, has a sense of humor about the drinking game ("If I ever played it, I'd be hammered, because I watch a lot of *House Hunters*!"), and also about some recent online muckraking that revealed that what you see on *House Hunters* isn't one hundred percent real. "We're making a television show, so we manage certain production and time constraints, while honoring the home-buying process," he explained in a statement to *Entertainment Weekly* this summer. "To maximize production time, we seek out families who are pretty far along in the process. Often everything moves much more quickly than we can anticipate, so we go back and revisit some of the homes that the family has already seen and we capture their authentic reactions."

Wait, so reality TV isn't actually real? Shut the custom-painted front door! "Mostly I was happy that people cared that much about *House Hunters*," Balthazar says of the controversy. He's currently promoting the latest *House Hunters* spin-off, *House Hunters Renovation*, which follows buyers as they pursue remodeling projects in their just-purchased homes. The next new episode airs Oct. 21; it follows a couple whose "dream house" (DRINK) contains a pink-and-gold nightmare of a bathroom.

"On this show, we see them buying the homes, and then making all these changes to them. So it's exciting to be able to show that," Balthazar says. "But I'm always excited that people are talking about *House Hunters* and that it has had such longevity. It's nearing its 1,000th episode this year. That's more than *Law and Order*!"

And like *Law and Order*, every episode of *House Hunters* is basically the same. "The concept is very clear. You know what's going to happen on the show," Balthazar says. "They're going to see three homes, and we'll see which one they choose. But what is always different are the homeowners and the homes. That voyeuristic, play-along quality of the show changes every time, which I love. We have some really interesting characters that come along, and everyone has a different reaction to different aspects of a home. I think that's what makes it such a guilty pleasure among people who love to spy on the real estate process."

House Hunters International follows the same basic formula, with an obvious difference: instead of a new construction in Indianapolis with a three-car garage (DRINK), the buyer (or renter) is seeking an apartment in a slightly more exotic locale. Like, say, Cambodia. Or Serbia. Or the Arctic Circle.

"I'm amazed at some of the stories the production company we work with on *International* finds. They've developed relationships with real estate agencies all over the world," Balthazar says. "For a long time we didn't go to some countries simply because it was too complicated. In some countries, you can't actually buy a home if you're not a resident. In others, you have to pay cash completely up front, in full. That was really a daunting thing for us to tackle. And now that the show's been around for so long a lot of people write in to be on the show. It's like this grassroots effort in some regards."

Of course, being so popular has a slight downside. "Everyone that I run into, whether I'm on an airplane or at a party, if I say I work on *House Hunters* or *House Hunters International*, inevitably there will be someone saying they want to be on," Balthazar says. "I actually love that! Though I will admit that occasionally when someone asks me what I do, I just say I'm a writer. [Laughs.] But I'm ultimately so grateful that people want to be on the show."

Balthazar's main distraction from an endless parade of buyers seeking open-concept floor plans (DRINK) is his pop-culture website, popgoestheweek.com. He'll be melding his two interests on a special he's hosting on HGTV in December.

"It's called *I Bought a Famous House*. I go around to homes in Hollywood that were once owned by celebrities," he says. "It's interesting see what [the non-famous new owners have] done with them since. In one case, someone kept the house exactly the same as it was when the celebrity owned it. And in another case, with Madonna's former house in the Hollywood Hills, a guy came in and literally changed almost everything, with the exception of the kitchen. But I think when you buy a seven million dollar house, you probably aren't as concerned about the kitchen as the rest of the house, because you aren't doing your own cooking when you have that kind of money!"

Of course, Madonna's kitchen probably already had granite countertops. DRINK! SFBG

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SAINT VITUS HITS THE INDEPENDENT, CLARION ALLEY IS READY FOR NOISE, AND SAVANNA JAZZ'S PASCAL BOKAR THIAM FIGHTS TO SAVE HIS VENUE. PHOTOS BY MARCUS KLATT, JIMLEACH89/FLICKR (CC)

RAISE YOUR SKINNY FISTS

BY EMILY SAVAGE
emilysavage@sfbg.com

TOFU AND WHISKEY Sitting on a pilled blanket out in Golden Gate Park, watching Australia's folk-noise instrumental outfit **Dirty Three** tear shit up on violin, petting my SPCA-adopted chug and sipping my homemade beer, I thought, "this is magic." And then, "I'm pretty drunk." And finally, out loud, "I'm a cliché right now."

No mind. This is San Francisco. We all fall prey to a rainbow of snarky categories. And this was the breezy, free Hardly Strictly Bluegrass. Gooey, grey-streaked hippies were dancing all around me. So I'm a cliché and late feminist punk icon Poly Styrene's magnificent screeching vocals ring through my ears every time the thought returns: "I'm a cliché/I'm a cliche," (off *Germ-Free Adolescents*).

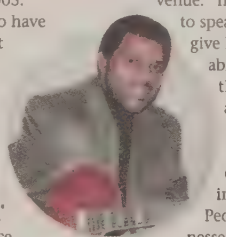
Just a few ticks after the 1977 punk era that spawned Styrene, an LA doom metal band called **Saint Vitus** arose in '78. Last Tuesday, a configuration of that heavy, Black Sabbath-loving, long-haired freak band played the Independent, much to my delight.

It was a new experience, seeing a true metal show at the Independent; it seems like those bands are usually saved for the Elbo Room, Sub-Mission, Slim's, DNA Lounge, or the like.

There's another venue in San Francisco we need to talk about now that's entirely non death-metal affiliated but incredibly deserving of attention and unfortunately, concern. The Mission's educator-run jazz outlet, **Savanna Jazz** (www.savannajazz.com) is in dire straits right about now.

Club co-owner Pascal Bokar Thiam — jazz guitarist, professor, Mission resident — and his two fellow co-owners are in danger of losing their building.

The picturesque jazz venue on Mission Street near 24th Street hosts live music six nights a week, and is one of just three true, full-time jazz clubs left in the city. It opened in 2003, and the educators purchased the building, including the four apartments upstairs (one of which belongs to Thiam) in 2005.



"It is so important to have jazz venues for the heart and soul of this nation, so that the younger generations can actually walk into a venue and see and learn about Duke Ellington, Nat King Cole, Benny Goodman," says Thiam. "You have to have a place to incubate this process, and give the younger generation a chance to learn about what made this music an art form."

Thiam and the two other owners were in the midst of a loan modification with their bank, Sonoma National, when Sterling Bank of Spokane, Wash. acquired Sonoma's assets. Sterling refused the modification. Then, "Sterling forced a strategic default by refusing to take our mortgage payments unless we paid the totality of our property tax due to the City and County of San Francisco," says Thiam, adding, "We have substantial equity in the building and the bank refuses to let us access it and it is now trying to take the property."

By rejecting their mortgages, and putting them in strategic default, the bank was also able to claim a notice of sale after 90 days. They filed a notice of default in mid-August. So, as Thiam notes, the clock is now ticking. Sterling Bank of Spokane had no comment.

Supervisor David Campos and organizer Buck Bagot of ACCE (Alliance of Californians for Community Empowerment) and Occupy Bernal have been working with Thiam to spotlight Sterling Bank's tactics and work as a third party between the bank and the venue. "If Sterling doesn't agree to speak with him, and to give him a fair and affordable loan modification, then we'll kick their ass," says Bagot, sitting in Thiam's office. "We'll call them, email, and visit them in large numbers. People's homes and businesses are at risk. It takes that kind of concerted action to get their attention."

It's a complex issue, but for Thiam, who has always paid his mortgages on time and maintained the facility, it's all about the music, some of which comes piping in via bellowing horns from the main room while we discuss the venue in his cluttered office. "We've been trying to promote the aesthetics of the American art form, jazz," he says simply. "We have students who come here from the community, from other states, from across the globe, to perform here at Savanna."

"We talk about jazz, but we often forget that jazz gave America its identity markers away from the cannons of Europe in the beginning of the 20th century. Jazz elevated it to the level of a cultural superpower. It reflected a new consciousness."

For more on the ongoing struggle between the jazz club and the bank, visit SFBG.com/Noise.

ANTENNAS TO HEAVEN

Picture an orchestra tuning, beginning, then wholly dropping to the center of the earth, while playing all the way down. **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**'s first album in a decade, *Alleluja! Don't Bend! Ascend!* (Constellation Records, Oct. 16) doesn't stray too far from the Canadian collective's proven track record: forceful plucks of orchestral strings (cello, violin, hurdy gurdy), swelling guitar riffs, crashing mid-tempo percussion, gloomy, dystopic atmospheres that feel like they're swallowing you up whole, reaching a climax (err, crescendo) then tumbling back down to earth and respawning anew. It's a tiring, beautiful, and emotional journey. Having spent a year falling asleep nightly to 2000's *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven* so as to create my own powerful dreamscapes, I'm ready to return to my nightmares with *Alleluja!*.

CLARION ALLEY BLOCK PARTY

If you've never been to the **Clarion Alley Block Party**, then you're not yet a true San Franciscan. That's an exaggeration, but it seems like a true right of passage for SF folk. The ever-evolving walls will boast new, brightly saturated murals, and in between them, a robust showcase of local musical talent on two stages: Future Twin, Moira Scar, Apogee Sound Club, Brass Liberation Orchestra, Afrolicious, Grandma's Boyfriend, and more. Who doesn't love an alley party?

Sat/20, parade at noon (led by Brass Liberation Orchestra), noon-8:30pm, free. Clarion Alley Mural Project, between 17th and 18th Streets, Mission and Valencia, SF. SFBG

"FROM HELL'S HEART I STAB AT THEE!"
PHOTO BY CORY WEAVER

LIVING THE DREAM OF THE 1840S

Big whale, lusty tale in SF Opera's 'Moby-Dick'

BY MARKE B.
marke@sfbg.com

MUSIC There's no better time for local composer Jake Heggie's 2010 opera *Moby-Dick* to wash up on our shores, especially in terms of men's fashion. Seriously — peacoats galore, henleys-and-suspenders perfection, button-up trousers, glorious galoshes, and perfectly nor'easter-tousled haircuts, not to mention a stubbly wealth of seafarin' beards. The whole cast, outfitted by ace costume designer Jane Greenwood, might have dropped onto the stage from this fall's All Saints Spitalfields lookbook. Forget the neoprene hoodies and double-breasted suitcoats of America's Cup, here lies the real echo of San Francisco's nautical past.

That echo emanates from Herman Melville's water-logged epic of 1851, a massive compendium of American Romantic sensibility, arcane sea lore, fiery pagan-ecclesiastical poetry, and the archetypal thrashings of mad Ahab, captain of the *Pequod*, as he obsessively hunts his nemesis, the "great white fish" who nipped away with his left leg years ago, Moby-Dick. The book is also a full-throated exaltation of the culture of the North Atlantic whale trade, at its peak in the 1840s, and a furrowed-brow examination of humanity's spooky morality, not to mention a rip-roaring, man's-man adventure tale (complete enough homoerotic subtext to float a sperm whale).

Boiling all this down into a splashy evening's entertainment is a bit like chasing a white whale itself. Fortunately, Heggie — who triumphed with 2002's *Dead Man Walking* — and librettist Gene Scheer, along with a more-than-game San Francisco Opera cast and crew, dive right in.

Moby-Dick immediately grabs attention with an eye-popping display of one of our native crafts, digital sorcery. Projection designer Eliane J. McCarthy's gorgeous 3-D renderings of star-maps and ships' masts engulf the curtain as Heggie's roiling, swooning overture guides us into the story. The rest of the staging throughout this two-and-a-half hour work, directed by Leonard Foglia with set design by Robert Brill, is equally jaw-dropping, with mobile scrims doubling as sails, a web of rigging filling the stage, and ingenious use of a humongous hull-shaped wall.

Another of *Moby-Dick*'s riveting special effects: the SF Opera chorus, in fine and lusty voice, vocally painting in the details of the story. That story contrasts the touching friendship of greenhorn whaler Ishmael and harpooner Queequeg, cannibal prince of fictional South Sea isle Kokovoko, with the contentious relationship between the driven Ahab and his first mate, Starbuck, a homesick family man who sees the Devil's work in Ahab's doomed quest. One of the most affecting characters is Pip, the impetuous and mentally unformed ship's mascot, whose unhinged ramblings after he's saved from drowning serve as warped prophecy.

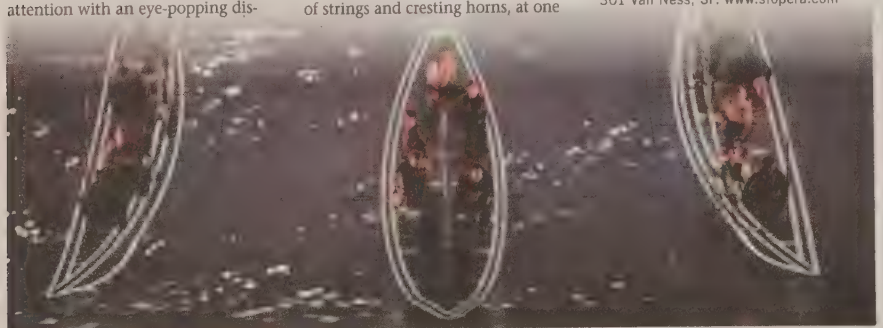
There's so many meaty possibilities for a composer in this story, but if you're expecting "yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" performed by full orchestra you're barking up the wrong mizzenmast. To be sure, Heggie's cinematic, neo-Romantic instincts — he prefers the term "theatrical," and sometimes we do drift into *Les Miz* territory — make hay with sea storms, crashing waves, drunken brawls, and the melancholy feel of life adrift on the ocean. (A goofy-cute waltz comes on when the ship's tipsy crew realize they'll just have to partner up if they want to party, one of the few funny bits.) Heggie's white whale is a shimmering arabesque, breaching a swirl of strings and cresting horns, at one momentous climax exploding into an off-kilter samba.

The score is mostly atmospheric, however, its foreboding drama cranked up to eleven throughout, with little standout melody or tonal attenuation to help the characters' souls drop anchor. Despite a few memorable moments of soaring vocal lines — a duet in praise of Kokovoko's Edenic promise by Queequeg (Jonathan Lemalu, imposing) and Ishmael (Stephen Costello, cubbishly adorable); Starbuck's ode to homelife back in Nantucket (performed by wonderfully powerful baritone Morgan Smith); the cryptic outbursts of Pip (spry soprano Talise Trevigne) — you'll have to cling to the singers' voices and acting technique if you want to keep emotionally afloat.

This becomes a problem with Jay Hunter Morris in the Ahab role. Although strongly voiced and valiantly game, he didn't connect with me as a man who was truly obsessed, yet who retained enough charisma and cunning to draw the rest of the crew into his singular madness. His role struck me more as "friends' crazy Tea Party dad" than "scarily fascinating apocalyptic cult leader."

This could be a wrinkle of the libretto, which retains some of the original's poetry and blasphemy — a "fo'c'sle" here, an anti-religion diatribe there — but strains to convey an engaging dramatic arc for the characters. (It barely registers when all is lost for the *Pequod*.) In its earnest bluster, this presentation of the opera also skims over Melville's haunting metaphysics, the eerie pull of nihilistic depths, the ecstatic fog of moral derangement, that preternatural whistle in fate's vast gale. I disembarked from the rousing *Moby-Dick* dazzled and exhausted, though neither questing nor blubbering. SFBG

MOBY-DICK through Nov. 2, various times, $10–$340. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, SF. www.sfopera.com



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ARTS + CULTURE: MUSIC

CRUCIAL SOUNDS

Artists and techies beat down the old system at SF MusicTech

BY GEORGE MCINTIRE
arts@sfbg.com

MUSIC Can the declining sales from physical albums ever be replaced by digital music apps and services? Can an independent artist make a decent living from services such as Pandora radio, BAMM.TV, or SoundCloud? Will the starving musician finally get a good meal?

These questions may be answerless for now, but they maintained a heavy presence at the SF Musictech Summit hosted by the Hotel Kabuki — a semiannual conference dedicated to establishing a network between entrepreneurs, developers, record industry figures, and musicians in order to promote digital music business and find solutions for the issues plaguing the modern music industry.

TOP: PANDORA CEO AND FOUNDER TIM WESTERGREN (RIGHT) SPEAKING WITH JON HEALEY (LEFT). BOTTOM: SF MUSICTECH SUMMIT EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BRIAN ZISK.
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL O'DONNELL

Last week's installment of the summit featured five talks — in panels with labels like "How Technology Destroyed the Music Industry" and "Artist Revenue Streams."

It also brought some star power. Actor-musician Jared Leto's interest with this budding industry brought him to the summit too. And despite the formal nature of the occasion, the 30 Seconds to Mars front person was besieged by attendees eager to get his take on the event, and his autograph. He told me that he's "curious as to what solutions are being presented."

But as the summit carried on, it became very became apparent that there are perhaps too many of these solutions being offered. In one of the early morning talks entitled "Artist Tools" moderator Hisham Dahud from Hypebot and Fame House kicked off the conversation by mentioning many of the new ways bands can distribute and promote their music and interact with their fans but also opined that "with new tools comes new responsibilities."

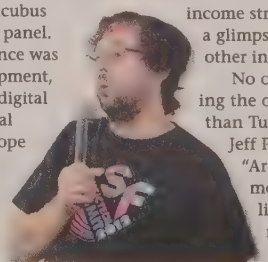
These new tools were well represented by David Dufresne of Bandzoogle, which designs web pages for bands, Matt Mason of file distributor BitTorrent, and David Haynes of the online audio platform SoundCloud. CEO of Global Digital Impact Taynah Reis and music industry veteran and Incubus manager Steve Rennie rounded out the panel.

During the discussion, Rennie's stance was welcoming of the technological development, but later, when I asked him if the new digital music business could provide substantial income for the artist, he said, "I sure hope so. The fact is that more people are listening to music than ever but they are doing it different ways, including listening without buying...as people move to other formats like digital downloads and streaming services, we need more people to get comfortable with the idea that music has value and is worth paying for...We need to convince people that their favorite music is worth buying just as much as the beer they'll spend $10 on at a concert or sporting event."

The motivation and excitement to transform nearly every aspect of the music business was palpable at the summit. Elevator pitches were as ubiquitous as iPhones and Macbooks. However the fresh idealism was notably absent at the "Artist Revenue Streams" talk where musician Erin McKeown took center stage detailing the sobering situation independent musicians face, explaining that some obvious solutions aren't so great "Everyone keeps telling me to tour but the reality is that live performance revenue gets mostly eaten up by the costs and not to mention it's also extremely taxing on my health"

But more importantly, McKeown emphatically addressed the one crucial issue that was sorely lacking attention throughout the conference: how are musicians suppose to keep up with and derive income from the rapidly evolving environment of music technology? Others on the panel brought up the fact that a lot of artists are unaware of nonprofits such as SoundExchange — an organization with the main goal of compensating artists for their royalties.

The Internet has been lauded as the great democratizer of this generation, and the adage was especially poignant for this specific realm of the digital world. Cellist and composer Zoë Keating, who spoke at the "Artists, Entrepreneurs & Technology," panel expressed that digital music business caused her to be optimistic and it's a more level playing field that's "better for indie artists." Keating has posted her 2011 income streams on her Tumblr to give her fans a glimpse of the financial situation her and other independent artists are grappling with.



No one seemed more interested in seeing the old music business vanquished than TuneCore founder (and former CEO) Jeff Price, who emphatically declared, "Artists never made any fucking money! What fucking world are you living in?!...The music industry is not collapsing, the *traditional* music industry is collapsing!" SFBG

FROM TOP LEFT: *AFTERLIGHT*'S THOMASIN GÜLGEÇ, SILVINA CORTÉS, AND GÜLGEÇ WITH GEMMA NIXON

PHOTOS BY DANA FOURÉ

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Local and visiting companies explore darkness and light

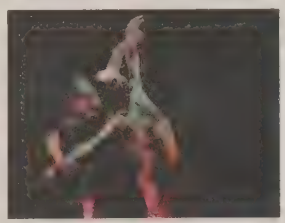
BY RITA FELCIANO
arts@sfbg.com

DANCE The six dancers of Kunst-Stoff's *the moment you stood still...#7 moNOs* (Oct. 13-14 at the Old Mint Museum) managed to do something that had previously seemed impossible: they created a playground out of the building's crumbling courtyard, surely the city's most oppressive, garrison-like structure. At 50 minutes this romp of stealing, sharing, and varying movement phrases ranged from athletic to balletic, virtuosic to pedestrian. It would have worn out its ability to snare you into its universe, had it not ended with artistic director Yannis Adoniou's free-spirited and loose-limbed solo, sweetly underscored by Bruno Augusto on keyboard. It's easy to forget that this entrepreneurial artist is also a fine dancer.

Kunst-Stoff is not so much a company as a place where artists come together to explore affinities and differences. *moment*, one of a series of such encounters, is the result of this sextet having bounced back and forth ideas of the most disparate nature. Together they came up with scenes which varied between silly and somber, camp and charming. There was as much room for a passing-a-ball game — including, of course, the ubiquitous audience volunteers — as crawls and rolls on the floor and leaps across space. Letting down your hair, as Katie Gaydos did in her initial diagonal, seemed to be the order of the afternoon.

Initially unrelated ideas began to coalesce into something like a patchwork of movement, with rather surprising resilience. A dancer morphed from lying down with beating legs into somersaults and yoga poses. Later, frisky pile-ups did not really look so harmless.

For all the frantic activity in which dancers did not only pick up and vary phrases from each other, but also exchanged clothes, *moment* did not lack the stillness alluded to by its title. Lindsey Renee Derry, who can scream with the best of them, stood in a relevé in which her toes surely were glued to the floor. Gaydos looked abandoned on top of a "monument" while Calvin Hilpert, holding a weight aloft as if it was about to drop on his head, was hilarious with a screechy Frank Sinatra imitation. *moment*'s



recurring refrain had the dancers sitting on a bench. We looked at them; sometimes they looked back at us.

Elsewhere on stage this past weekend: British choreographer Russell Maliphant introduced himself at Cal Performances with the theatrically spectacular *Eonnagata* in 2010. Now, courtesy of San Francisco Performances, he returned with *AfterLight* (Oct. 13-14, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts), inspired by Russian dancer and Ballets Russes choreographer Vaslav Nijinsky. A great dancer and even greater choreographer, Nijinsky was also schizophrenic and spent the second half of his life in mental institutions. His best-known surviving work *Afternoon of a Faun* thoroughly shocked audiences at its premiere in 1912.

On the basis of his concept Maliphant intermittently draws you into a murky atmosphere of, perhaps, madness. But as a dance you only want to watch *AfterLight* once; further exposure is unlikely to reveal hidden treasures.

In Michael Hull's lighting design, *AfterLight* is literally dark; at times you can hardly make out the dancers in a couple of shifting spotlights or through a thick carpet of inchoate shapes. As a single-minded expression of a restless mind this worked; in terms of a time-based art, it lacked sustaining power.

AfterLight opened with a solo for Thomasin Gülgeç, spinning as if on a turntable while his arms reached into the darkness around him. At the end we returned to that solitary figure that, instead of opening his body to an enlarging consciousness, shuts down into solitary whirls. In part two, the white-clad Silvina Cortés and Gemma Nixon's gentle liquidity could have come from Isadora Duncan dancers.

Maliphant's choreography has no hard edges; its performers spiraled, curled, and spun from one evanescent moment to the next. Sometimes this felt like watching smoke, except that these dancers were anchored in a deep-grounded muscularity that allowed them to connect into an endless stream of rounded shapes. In the first pas de deux, Gülgeç and Nixon's weighty folding over each other wonderfully recalled Leon Bakst's illustrations of *Scheherazade*. Though conceptually intriguing, *AfterLight* turned out to be a one-shot deal; whether there is more meat to this choreographer remains to be seen. SFBG

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LET'S GO GET A TACO: *RESERVOIR DOGS* (1992); *DARKER THAN AMBER* (1970)

DARKER THAN DARK

'Not Necessarily Noir III' roars into the Roxie

BY DENNIS HARVEY
arts@sfbg.com

FILM It is one of those hard truths one must learn to live with: Quentin Tarantino will always have seen more obscure exploitation movies than you. His new *Django Unchained* will arrive just in time for Christmas like a gift wrapped severed limb, leaving dedicated fanboy/fangirl types just weeks yet to immerse themselves in the world of spaghetti westerns to which it pays homage.

That makes two features in a row he's made inspired by 1960s and 70s Euro trash cinema, following 2009's *Inglourious Basterds*, which tipped hat to the era's myriad international-coproduction war flicks. If you saw the obscure 1978 Italian film that was based on (and named after), you also probably already know who and what a Django is, how to pronounce him, and maybe even the factoid that countless (seriously, no one knows how many) ersatz Django "sequels" were made to cash in on the 1966 original's success.

If not, join the more innocent multitudes at the multiplex come December, many of whom will no doubt be asking for one ticket to "Duh-jango," please. There's no shame in knowing nothing about such cultural marginalia. But what even faintly hipster-identifying person would admit to not knowing everything there is to know — even being bored with that knowledge — behind *Reservoir Dogs* (1992), the now 20-year-old *Citizen Kane* of indie meta guy flicks? How many people can not only quote its every line, but quote the every line of at least a few amongst its own umpteen mostly lousy imitations (yep, that includes you, 1999's *Boondock Saints*)?

In the gradual groundswell of attention that greeted *Dogs* back then, viewers confidently cited Tarantino's inspirations (as did he himself), noting the imprint of everything from classic noir titles to Kurosawa. Yet one movie that had a very direct influence was almost completely absent from those discussions, failing to rise from its prior two decades of complete obscurity even in the two decades post-*Dogs*.

Together at last in one canine-throwdown double bill is *Day of the Wolves*, that forgotten 1971 thriller — thanks of course to the Roxie Cinema and Elliot Lavine, themselves reunited for the latest installment in "Not Necessarily Noir," that catch-all occasional series encompassing all things cool and (mostly) celluloid which don't fit the loose strictures of their long-running actual noir retrospectives. *Wolves* and *Dogs* tussle to kick off the two-week schedule this weekend.

Day of the Wolves' low profile is somewhat explicable: it was never released theatrically in the US, and for years withheld from legal exhibition due to copyright issues. Still, one marvels how such a flamboyant relic of pure Seventies-ness could have remained under the radar for so long. TV and Vegas comedian Jan Murray is improbably cast as the mastermind who orchestrates the assembly of six career criminals in a secret desert location. All strangers, they're instructed to call one another only by assigned number, wear identical outfits, and sport full facial hair (some obviously glued-on). Their mission is to "hit a whole town and peel it like an orange" — sealing off a "model community" in the Southwest, emptying every till, then scramming via private plane.

It's an ingenious plan that counts on the complacent vulnerability of such burgs. In fact, Wellerton's city council has just demonstrated ideal small-mindedness by firing its police chief (late, SF-born Richard Egan, a second tier 1950s star gone to flab) for the crime of actually enforcing laws on some of its more irresponsible A-list citizens. Thus the population of 7,000 or so is woefully under prepared when they find the power cut off, exit routes blocked, and seven armed desperados in charge.

The early going bears closest resemblance to *Reservoir Dogs*, and is the most inspired. (Later when the film gets to its prolonged actual climax, it devolves into a more ordinary Western-style shoot-'em-up between the raiders and Egan's cop-turned vigilante, though there's a doozy of a final twist.) Writer-director Ferde Grofe Jr., whose career in features sprawled sparsely from the early 60s to the late 80s, demonstrates a real flair for memorable idiosyncrasy, if less so for action. In style and content, *Wolves* is a perfect time capsule: groovy rock score (with "acid" guitar, bongos, and flute), very wide lapels, and a dune buggy chase. This near-classic B movie will be shown in one mightily color-faded, "pinked-out" 35mm print, an ostensible flaw that plays more like a finishing touch.

"Not Necessarily Noir III" mixes more such rediscoveries with fairly well known cult faves of the last decades, from neo-noirs to Hong Kong action to 70s New Hollywood questing (exceptional 1978 drama *Who'll Stop the Rain* with Nick Nolte and Tuesday Weld; the seldom-seen '71 *Cisco Pike* with Kris Kristofferson, Gene Hackman, and Warhol superstar Viva). Among its more rarefied titles are two Me Decade Franco-noirs with Jean-Paul Belmondo (who performs some amazing stunts himself in 1971's *The Burglars*); 1968's very disturbing crime thriller *Night of the Following Day* (wherein white-blond Marlon Brando is the *good* guy), and a supernatural blaxploitation double bill of very odd, arty 1973 vampire tale *Ganja and Hess* and the next year's wacky, tacky voodoo revenge saga *Sugar Hill*.

Particularly worth checking out is *Darker Than Amber*, an attempt to launch a James Bond-style series featuring John D. MacDonald's best-selling Florida sleuth Travis McGee. Unfortunately this 1970 maiden effort flopped, and the film has seldom been seen — especially without cuts — since. Admittedly it has pedestrian TV-style direction from Robert Clouse (who'd hit his sole career peak later with Bruce Lee's 1973 *Enter the Dragon*), and the production values are just B-plus. But it's an ideal vehicle for Rod Taylor, the brawny, wry, relaxed Aussie who should have been a huge star in the 60s and 70s, but despite a couple memorable films (1963's *The Birds*, 1960's *The Time Machine*) never got the right break. He's surrounded by a memorable gallery of MacDonald characters, with two body-builder villains (William Smith, Robert Philips) in addition to the frequently shirtless star making this an notably homoerotic entry for the era in a macho action genre. SFBG

"NOT NECESSARILY NOIR III"
Oct. 19-31, $6.50-$10
Roxie Theater
3117 16th St., SF
www.roxie.com

MICHELE MYERS KILLS IT, AND DEATH BECOMES HER. PHOTO BY JOSE A GUZMAN COLON

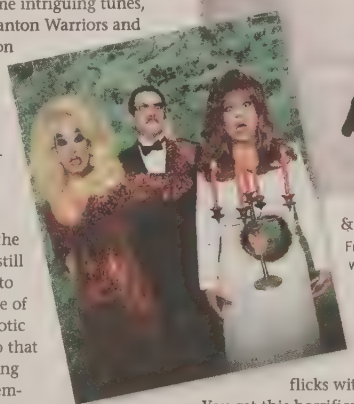
PRE-LLOWEEN

BY MARKE B.
marke@sfbg.com

SUPER EGO "We wanted to put together something that truly reflects San Francisco on its most popular holiday," DJ Syd Gris of Opulent temple tells me over the phone. "A titillating, intoxicating kaleidoscope with soulful, sexy music. And zombie strippers."

He's talking about the massive **Masquerotica** (Sat/20, 8:30pm-3am $55–$125, creative costume expected. San Francisco Concourse Exhibition Center, 635 8th St., SF. www.maquerotica.com), a perfect kick-off to the insane Halloween season, which pretty much does include frisky input from most of the more risquee club scenes SF's got going — Kink.com, Anon Salon, Mission Control, Vau de Vire, Hubba Hubba Revue, Bondage-A-Go-Go, Asian Diva Girls, Club Exotica ... and then for kicks, Trannyshack. Hey, different strokes! Please have sex with Trannyshack if you want.

There also promises to be some intriguing tunes, from electro-house headliners Stanton Warriors and 15-piece funk band Action Jackson right on through to the early R&B Hard French DJs and hard-driving Mr. Gris himself. (We'll also probably be hearing from a lot from gay rapper Cazwell's alabaster abs as well. Squee squee!)



"The demise of the Exotic Erotic Ball here a few years ago provided an opportunity to put the focus back on local talent while still keeping the sexy vibe. We'd like to think that we're sanding off some of the rougher edges of what the Exotic and the Castro became, so that people feel more comfortable being themselves. Or getting out of themselves. Whatever the case may be."

Although there's no hardcore sex allowed at Masquerotica (no fear, there'll be plenty of makeout areas), why do San Franciscans weave so much hanky-panky into our pagan revels? Or did I just answer my own question?

"Halloween is partly about being able to express yourself in ways that don't involve judgement, and so a lot of subcultural communities found acceptance during the holiday," Gris said. "We want to honor that. We're a big tent, and we want to fill it with all the people and things that turn us on in the Bay Area."

MOVE D

I have a scary-powerful crush on this wizard of wide-ranging techno, whose epic sets with live bells and whistles are painterly in their soundscape effects and irresistible in their atmospheres. You can dance to them, too. With DJs Conor, Jonah Sharp, and Mike B.

Thu/18, 9pm-3am, $12–$15. Public Works, 161 Erie, SF. www.publicsf.com

REAGENZ

Oh hey, did I mention that the amazing Move D was in town from Berlin? Why not take advantage of that, and his fruitful collaboration with local hero Jonah Sharp, and present them both in their ambitious ambient live-entity form, Reagenz. Tech heads like me are already wetting their drawers for this installment of the Realtime live techno party, also featuring Moniker, Polk & Hyde, and Its Own Infinite Flower.

Fri/19, 9pm, $12–$15. 222 Hyde, SF. www.222hyde.com

HALLOWEEN! THE BALLAD OF MICHELE MYERS

What do you get when you mash-up all your favorite teenage slasher flicks with *The Facts of Life*? Grindr! Kidding. You get this horrifically hilarious musical brought to us by one of SF's most twisted drag queens, Raya Light. As glamour-ghoul Michele Myers, she's gonna tear you apart to a disco beat. And you'll be singing right along.

Fri/19-Wed/31, 8pm and 10pm, $20. CounterPulse, 1310 Mission, SF. michelemyers2012.eventbrite.com

DEATH BECOMES HER

You know you live for that campfest movie — wherein Goldie Hawn eats Meryl Streep while Bruce Willis drives away with Freeway the Dog? Something like that, but also the Fountain of Youth and Isabella Rossellini in something really strappy. Anyway, Peaches Christ is giving the 1992 flick, which introduced many of us toddlers to the wonders of CGI, the inimitable uproarious Castro Theatre treatment. Heklina of Trannyshack joins her for a wild live pre-show, with Lady Bear, L. Ron Hubby, and the city's drag-erati.

Sat/20, 8pm, $20–$25. Castro Theatre, 429 Castro, SF. www.peacheschrist.com

ODYSSEY

One of the city's most beloved underground parties emerges to celebrate its anniversary, with SF legend DJ Neon Leon at the helm. Expect tons of warm house tunes and love up the wazoo (plus some nifty projections, too!) With DJs Steve Fabus, Robin Simmons, Jason Kendig, Robert Jeffrey, and Viv Baron.

Sat/20, 10pm-4am, $10. Public Works, 161 Erie, SF. www.public.com SFBG

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MUSIC LISTINGS

Music listings are compiled by Emily Savage. Since club life is unpredictable, it's a good idea to call ahead or check the venue's website to confirm bookings and hours. Prices are listed when provided to us. Visit www.sfbg.com/venue-guide for venue information. Submit items for the listings at listings@sfbg.com. For further information on how to submit items for the listings, see Picks

WEDNESDAY 17

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Bob Dylan Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, 99 Grove, SF; www.apeconcerts.com. 7:30pm, $59.50-$125.50.
First Aid Kit, Dylan LeBlance Fillmore. 8pm, $22.50.
Scott Holt Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $15
Lee Huff vs JC Rockit Johnny Foley's. 9:30pm.
Imperative Reaction, Everything goes Cold, Ludovico Technique, Witch Was Right DNA Lounge. 9pm, $18.
Sonny Landreth, Danny Click Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $22
Sarah McQuaid Biscuits and Blues. 8:30pm, $10.
Minus Gravity, Headlines, James Cavern Brick and Mortar Music Hall. 9:30pm, $10-$12.
Moral Crux, Deadones, Antizocial Hemlock Tavern. 8:30pm, $8.
Rocket Queens, Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers Elbo Room. 9pm, $8.
Terry Savastano Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free.
Seatraffic, Real Numbers, American Professionals Bottom of the Hill. 9pm, $8.

DIAMOND RINGS PLAYS THE FILLMORE SAT/20 WITH STARS.

Soul Train Revival Boom Boom Room. 8pm, $5.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Cat's Corner with Nathan Dias Savanna Jazz. 9pm, $10.
Orlando Cela Frankenart Mall, 515 Balboa, SF; www.orlandocela.com. 8pm, $10
Dink Dink Dink, Gaucho, Eric Garland's Jazz Session Amnesia. 7pm, free
Frisky Frolics Rite Spote Cafe. 9pm, free
Ricardo Scales Top of the Mark, 999 California, SF; www.topofthemark.com 6:30pm, $5

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Radney Foster, Misisipi Mike Cafe Du Nord. 8pm, $15

DANCE CLUBS

Booty Call Q-Bar, 456 Castro, SF; www.bootycallwednesdays.com. 9pm. Juanita

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Coo-Yah! Slate Bar, 2925 16th St, SF; www.slate-sf.com. 10pm, free. With Vinyl Ambassador, DJ Silverback, DJs Green B and Daneekah.
Hardcore Humpday Happy Hour RKRL, 52 Sixth St, SF; (415) 658-5506. 6pm, $3.
Mercedez Munro, and Ginger Snap.
Obey the Kitty: Justin Milla Vessel, 85 Campton Place, SF; www.vesselsanfrancisco.com. 10pm, $5.

THURSDAY 18

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP.

Adam Ant, Brothers of Brazil Regency Ballroom. 8pm, $32
Emily Bonn and the Vivants, Howell Devine, Stephanie Nilles Amnesia. 9pm, $7-$10.
Chris Cohen, Ashley Eriksson, Coconut Hemlock Tavern. 8:30pm, $10.
Bob Dylan Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, 99 Grove, SF; www.apeconconcerts.com. 7:30pm, $59.50-$125.50.
Freelance Whales, Geographer Mezzanine. 9pm, $20.
Generators, Sore Thumbs, Shell Corporation, Bastards of Young Thee Parkside. 9pm, $8.
Jon Gonzalez 50 Mason Social House, SF; www.50masonsocialhouse.com. 7pm.
Iron Lung, Process, Effluxus, Hunting Party Knockout. 10pm, $8.
Jane's Addiction, Thenewno2 Warfield. 8pm, $52.50-$62.50.
John Lawton Trio Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free.
Mansfield Aviator, Butterfly Knives, Capkins El Rio. 8pm, $5.
Meters Experience, Dredgetown Brick and Mortar Music Hall. 9pm, $15-$20.
Minibosses, Crashfast, Gnarboots Bottom of the Hill. 9pm, $10.
Poi Dog Pondering Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $21.
Rudy Columbini Band Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $15
Soft Pack, Crocodiles, Heavy Hawaii Slim's. 9pm, $16.
Tift Merrit, Amy Cook Cafe Du Nord. 8pm, $16-$18.
Rags Tuttle vs Lee Huff Johnny Foley's. 9:30pm.
Van She, popscene DJs Rickshaw Stop. 10pm, $13-$15

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Cheryl Bentyne Rrazz Room. 8pm, $35.
Science Fiction Jazz 50 Mason Social House, SF; www.50masonsocialhouse.com. 10pm
Stompy Jones Top of the Mark, 999 California, SF; www.topofthemark.com 7:30pm, $10.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Emily Anne Rite Spot Cafe. 9pm, free.
Twang! Honky Tonk Fiddler's Green, 1330 Columbus, SF; www.twanghonkytonk.com 5pm. Live country music.

DANCE CLUBS

Afrolicious Elbo Room. 9:30pm, $5-$7 With DJ-host Pleasuremaker.
All 80s Thursday Cat Club. 9pm, $6 (free before 9:30pm). The best of 80s mainstream and underground
Base: Sasha Vessel, 85 Campton Place, SF; www.vesselsanfrancisco.com. 10pm. $5-$10
Hubba Hubba Revue: Asylum DNA Lounge 9pm, $12-$15
Tropicana Madrone Art Bar. 9pm, free Salsa, cumbia, reggaeton, and more with DJs Don Bustamante, Apocolypto, Sr. Saen, Santero, and Mr. E.

FRIDAY 19

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Bleached Palms, Radishes Bender's, 806 S. Van Ness, SF; www.bendersbar.com. 9pm, $5
Bombay Bicycle Club, Vacationer Fillmore

CONTINUES ON PAGE 36 >>

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FRI 10/19 7:30pm "GRAFITTY AGAINST CANCER": A BENEFIT FOR MULTIPLE MYELOMA RESEARCH FOUNDATION WITH PERFORMANCES BY EQUIPTO, DON TORINO MONK OF MITSQUAD, YARROW, SLAPS, PATIENCE, RANDOM WHITE GUY, MAX CABELLO, TALK BY HONORIDES, ASF, A TRAILER OF HYSU'S NEW VIDEO, KORE!

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FRI 10/19 9:30PM $10 FELA KUTI BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AND GOING AWAY PARTY FOR DJ JEREMIAH FEATURING ALBINO! PLUS DJ JEREMIAH
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FRIDAY OCTOBER 19TH 9PM $18/$20 (ROCK POP) STEPHEN KELLOGG AND THE SIXERS (FINAL TOUR!) NORTHERN SON MIGGS
SATURDAY (EARLY SHOW) OCTOBER 20TH 7PM $32/$35 (SONGWRITER) UPSTAIRS AT THE SWEDISH AMERICAN HALL AN EVENING WITH JORMA KAUKONEN
SATURDAY (LATE SHOW) OCTOBER 20TH 10PM $32/$35 (SONGWRITER) UPSTAIRS AT THE SWEDISH AMERICAN HALL AN EVENING WITH JORMA KAUKONEN
SUNDAY OCTOBER 21ST 8:30PM $15 (SINGER-SONGWRITER) TONY LUCCA JUSTIN HOPKINS
TUESDAY OCTOBER 23RD 8PM $10 (ROCK POP) NEIL HALSTEAD WINTERPILLS
WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 24TH 8PM $8/$10 (ROCK POP) HUNTER VALENTINE QUEEN CAVEAT • ECHO TWIN
WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 24TH 7:30PM ($15) ALL AGES UPSTAIRS AT THE SWEDISH AMERICAN HALL PERFUME GENIUS DUSTED
THURSDAY OCTOBER 25TH 9PM $10 (INDIE) THE DIG FRENCH CASSETTES THE WE SHARED MILK THE WILD KINDNESS
FRIDAY OCTOBER 26TH 9PM $10/$12 (ROCK/AMERICANA) GOODNIGHT, TEXAS (RECORD RELEASE) ELLIOT RANDALL AND THE DEADMEN JESSE THOMAS
SATURDAY OCTOBER 27TH 9PM $15 (WORLD) WILL MAGID'S WORLD WIDE DANCE PARTY: ETHIOPIQUE EXTRAVAGANZA! FEATURING: ELIAS NEGASH / WILL MAGID TRIO MSK.FM (DJ), IZZY*WISE (DJ)
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• Sea Dramas
SUNDAY 10/21
8PM • $8 ADV & DOOR
• A Great Big World (ft. Ian Axel)
• Greg Holden
• Sofia Talvik
MONDAY 10/22
8PM • $FREE
Bay Guardian Readers Poll Best Open Mic
• Open mic with Brendan Getzell
TUESDAY 10/23
9PM • $10 ADV & $12 DOOR
• David J performing songs spanning his career
• Dominic East
WEDNESDAY 10/24
8PM • $7 ADV & $8 DOOR
• The Cabin Project
• Buster Blue
• The Goat & The Feather
THURSDAY 10/25
9PM • $8 ADV & $10 DOOR
• Lindsay Fuller
• Kala Wilson
• Shelley Doty
FRIDAY 10/26
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MUSIC LISTINGS

NICKODEMUS PLAYS THE PUBLIC WORKS LOFT SAT/20.

CONT>>

9pm, $22.50.
Coo Coo Birds, Electric Shepherd, Electric Magpie Thee Parkside. 9pm, $7.
Aaron Freeman Independent. 9pm, $25.
Lee Huff, Rome Balestrieri, Nathan Temby Johnny Foley's. 9pm.
John Brown's Body, Kyle Hollingsworth Band Great American Music Hall. 9pm, $20.
Kids on a Crime Spree, GRMLN, Manatee Hemlock Tavern. 9:30pm, $8.
Jason Lytle, Sea of Bees Swedish American Hall. 8pm, $18-$20.
Meters Experience, Tracorum, Swoop Unit Brick and Mortar Music Hall. 9pm, $15-$20.
Mixers Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free.
Mustache Harbor, Sean Tabor Bimbo's. 9pm, $22.
Night Hikes, Correspondence School, Houses of Light Amnesia. 7pm.
Bill Ortiz Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $22.
Beth Orton, Sam Amidon Regency Ballroom. 8pm, $30.
Stolen Babies, Fuxedos, Darling Freakhead Bottom of the Hill. 9pm, $12.
Tiger Army, Goddamn Gallows, Death March Slim's. 8:30pm, $23.
Whigs, Record Company, Fake Your Own Death Rickshaw Stop. 9pm, $12-$15.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Audium 1616 Bush, SF; www.audium.org. 8:30pm, $20. Theater of sound-sculptured space.
Black Jazz Orchestra Top of the Mark, 999 California, SF; www.topofthemark.com. 9Pm, $10.
Harold Melvin's Blue Notes Rrazz Room. 8pm, $30-$37.50.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Bluegrass Bonanza Plough and Stars. 9:30pm, $6-$10. With Roseman Creek.
Kaweh Monroe, 473 Broadway, SF; www.kaweh.com. 9:30pm, $15. Flamenco rumba salsa.
Lee Vilensky Trio Rite Spot Cafe. 9pm, free.

DANCE CLUBS

Albino! Fela Kuti Birthday Celebration Show Elbo Room. 9pm, $10.
DJ What's His Fuck Riptide Tavern. 9pm.
Fedorable Queer Dance Party El Rio. 9pm, free.
Joe Lookout, 3600 16th St., SF; www.lookoutsf.com. 9pm. Eight rotating DJs.
Odyssey with Neon Leon Public Works. 10pm, $10.
Old School JAMZ El Rio. 9pm. Fruit Stand DJs spinning old school funk, hip-hop, and R&B.
Paris to Dakar Little Baobab, 3388 19th St, SF; (415) 643-3558. 10pm, $5. Afro and world music with rotating DJs.
Peaches (DJ set) 103 Harriet, SF; www.1015.com. 9pm.
Rage By the Pound DNA Lounge. 9pm, $25. With Funtcase, High Rankin, Schoolboy, Nerd Rage.
Toolroom Knights: Paul Thomas, David Gregory Vessel, 85 Campton Place, SF; www.vesselsanfrancisco.com. 10Pm, $20-$30.

SATURDAY 20

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Bassnectar, Ghostland Observatory, Gramatik, Gladkill Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, 99 Grove, SF; www.apeconcerts.com. 8pm, $40.
Rome Balestrieri, Nathan Temby, Lee Huff Johnny Foley's. 9pm.
Yasiin Bey (formerly known as Mos Def) Regency Ballroom. 9pm, $38.
Bottle Kids, Loose Cuts 50 Mason Social House, SF; www.50masonsocialhouse.com. 7pm.
Cheap Time, Unnatural Helpers, Warm Soda, Krells Hemlock Tavern. 9pm, $10.
Zach Deputy Boom Boom Room. 8pm, $15.
Willis Earl Beal, Terese Taylor, Sean Smith Bottom of the Hill. 9pm, $10.
Foreign Exchange Mezzanine. 9pm.
GoKart Mozart Biscuits and Blues. 8:30 and 10:15pm, $10.
Jorma Kaukonen Swedish American Hall. 7 and 10pm, $32-$35.
Love Songs, Bar Feeders, Cyclops Bender's, 800 S. Van Ness, SF; www.benders-bar.com. 10pm, $5.
Oak Creek Band Hotel Utah. 9pm, $8.
Pre Legendary, Chingadero Thee Parkside. 3pm, free.
Skin Divers Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free.
Lavay Smith Biscuits and Blues. 8 and 10pm, $20.
Stars, Diamond Rings, California Wives Fillmore. 8pm, $29.50.
Rodger Stella, Bren't Lewiis Ensemble, Jencks Hemlock Tavern. 5pm, $6.

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Tea Leaf Green, Mahgeetah Independent. 9pm, $20.
Tiger Army, Suedehead, God Module Slim's. 8:30pm, $23.
Nick Waterhouse, Allah-Las Bimbo's. 9pm, $18.
Michael Ward with Dogs and Fishes Riptide Tavern. 9:30pm, free
Wax Idols, Wymond Miles, Evil Eyes Brick and Mortar Music Hall. 8pm, $7-$10.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Audium 1616 Bush, SF; www.audium.org. 8:30pm, $20. Theater of sound-sculptured space.
Harold Melvin's Blue Notes Rrazz Room. 7 and 9:30pm, $30-$37.50.
"UP: San Francisco Street Festival and Exposition" 5M, Fifth and Mission, SF; sf.urbanprototyping.org. With Mark Fell, Aaron David Ross, Afrikan Sciences, Brian Hock, Loric, and more.

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Go Van Gogh Revolution Cafe, 3248 22nd St, SF; (415) 642-0474. 9pm, free.
Tony Ybarra Red Poppy Art House. 7:30pm.

DANCE CLUBS

Bootie SF: More Cowbell DNA Lounge. 9pm, $15.
Dancing Ghosts Hot Spot, 1414 Market St., SF; www.dancingghosts.com, 9:30 pm, $5, free before 10. DJs Xander and Le Perv host this darkwave dance party.
"DSF Clothing Co. and Art Gallery Anniversary" Public Works. 9pm, free with RSVP. With Motown on Monday DJs, Nickodemus, Afrolicious.
Fringe Madrone Art Bar. 9pm, $5. Indie music video dance party with DJ Blondie K and subOctave.
Masquerotica Concourse Exhibition Center, 636 Eighth St, SF; masquerotica2012.eventbrite. 8:30pm. With Stanton Warriors, Ron Kat's Katdelic, Action Jackson, Hubba Hubba Revue, and more.
Nickodemus and Afrolicious Public Works Loft. 10pm, $5.
OK Hole Amnesia. 9pm.
Paris to Dakar Little Baobab, 3388 19th St, SF; (415) 643-3558. 10pm, $5. Afro and world music with rotating DJs.
Radio Franco Bissap, 3372 19th St, SF; (415) 826 9287. 6 pm. Rock, Chanson Francaise, Blues. Senegalese food and live music.
Saturday Night Soul Party Elbo Room. 10pm, $5-$10. With DJs Lucky, Paul Paul, Phengren Oswald.
Smiths Party Slate Bar, 2925 16th St, SF; www.slate-sf.com. 10pm, $5. Sounds of the Smiths, Morrissey, the Cure, and New Order.
Wild Nights Kok BarSF, 1225 Folsom, SF; www.kokbarsf.com. 9pm, $3. With DJ Frank Wild.

SUNDAY 21

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Babmu Station, Inna Vision Independent. 9pm, $18.
Craig Horton Biscuits and Blues. 7 and 9pm, $15.
Tony Lucca, Justin Hopkins Cafe Du Nord. 8:30pm, $15.
Macklemore and Ryan Lewis, Dee-1 Fillmore. 8pm, $25.
Mako Sica, Brandon Nickel, Jeff Zittrain Band Hemlock Tavern. 6pm, $6.
Terry Savastano Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free.
Socionic Rockit Room. 8pm, $8.
Allen Stone, Yuna, Tingsek Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $17.50.
Mike Stud Slim's. 8:30pm, $13-$16.
Taking Back Sunday, Man Overboard Regency Ballroom. 7:30pm, $27.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Kaki King Yoshi's SF. 7pm, $20; 9pm, $15
Harold Melvin's Blue Notes Rrazz Room. 7pm, $30-$37.50.
Rob Reich Trio Bliss Bar, 4026 24 St, SF; .www.blissbarsf.com. 4:30pm, $10.

CONTINUES ON PAGE 38 >>

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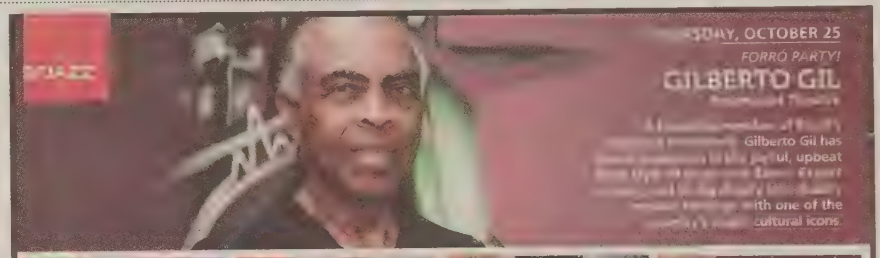
WED 10/24 THE HUNDREDS AND LIVE 105 PRESENTS WHITE ARROWS YOUNG DIGERATI, TRAILS AND WAYS, MILES THE DJ
THU 10/25 CONSPIRACY OF BEARDS BEAUTY OPERATORS STRING BAND, CONDOROSA
FRI 10/26 HEART MACHINE WEST COAST TOUR 2012 LILA ROSE BIRDSEYE, EMILY MOLDY, BELI3VER
TUE 10/30 HUSKY (AU) BUXTON CHAMBERLIN
WED 10/31 BRICK & MORTAR PRESENTS - FUZZ BOX HALLOWEEN NOBUNNY SHANNON & THE CLAMS, POW!, THE EERIES, DJ AL LOVER
THE NEW PARISH
FRIDAY 10/19 THE SESHEN CON BRIO, BELLS
MONDAY 10/22 VIOLENT CHANGE (RECORD RELEASE) POW!, SCRAPERS, DIE HARD
WEDNESDAY 10/24 PARISH ENT GROUP & DEAD NATION PRESENTS OMAR RODRIGUEZ LOPEZ TRIO CRYPTS
THURSDAY 10/25 IRON FIST CIRCLE AND TMPSHOWS.COM PRESENTS DEATH ANGEL 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ULTRA VIOLENCE, HATRIOT, HELLFIRE, ENEMY IN PERIL
THURSDAY 11/01 NNEKA RAW-G, AIMA THE DREAMER, DJ BLACK



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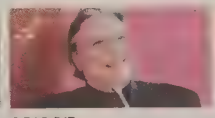
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MUSIC LISTINGS

CONT>>

FOLK/WORLD/COUNTRY

Hillbilly Swing, B Stars Amnesia 9pm. $7
Sofia Talvik Hotel Utah 8pm, $8.

DANCE CLUBS

Daytime Realness El Rio. 3pm, $8-$10. With Heklina, Stanley Frank, and DJ Carnita.
Dub Mission Elbo Room. 9pm, $6 after 9:30pm. With DJs Sep, Ludichris, Silver Back.
Jock Lookout, 3600 16th St, SF; www.lookoutsf.com. 3pm, $2.

MONDAY 22

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Damir Johnny Foley's 9pm, free.
Shiny Toy Guns, MNDR, Of Verona Rickshaw Stop. 8pm, $17.
Allen Stone, Yuna, Tingsek Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $17.50.
Ultraista, Astronauts, etc. Independent. 8pm, $18.

JAZZ/NEW MUSIC

Bossa Nova Tunnel Top, 601 Bush, SF; (415) 722-6620. 8-11:30pm, free. Live acoustic Bossa Nova.
Gregg Marx Rrazz Room. 8pm.
Philippe Petit, Xambuca Cafe Du Nord. 8pm, $16.
Reuben Rye Rite Spot Cafe. 8:30pm, free.

DANCE CLUBS

Death Guild DNA Lounge. 9:30pm, $3-5. Gothic, industrial, and synthpop with Joe Radio, Decay, and Melting Girl.
Crazy Mondays Beauty Bar, 2299 Mission, SF; www.thebeautybar.com. 10pm, free. Hip-hop and other stuff.
M.O.M. Madrone Art Bar. 6pm, free. DJs Timoteo Gigante, Gordo Cabeza, and Chris Phlek playing all Motown every Monday.
Soul Cafe John Colins Lounge, 138 Minna, SF; www.johncolins.com. 9pm. R&B, Hip-Hop, Neosoul, reggae, dancehall, and more with DJ Jerry Ross.
Vibes'N'Stuff El Amigo Bar, 3355 Mission, SF; (415) 852-0092. 10pm, free. Conscious jazz and hip-hop with DJs Luce Lucy, Vinnie Esparza, and more.

TUESDAY 23

ROCK/BLUES/HIP-HOP

Bitch Magnet, Life Coach, Gold Medalists, Imperils Rickshaw Stop. 7:30pm, $15.
Calexico, Dodos Fillmore. 8pm, $25.
Tim Cohen, Jessica Pratt, Dylan Shearer Amnesia. 9:15pm.
Dan Deacon, Height with Friends, Chester Endersby Gwazda, Alan Resnick Great American Music Hall. 8pm, $16.
Nick Halstead Cafe Du Nord. 8pm, $16.
Moonbell, Golden Awesome, Indian Summer Knockout. 9:30pm.
Mt Hammer, Ash Thursday, Manzanita Falls El Rio. 7pm, $5.
Room of Voices, Broun Feilinis Elbo Room. 9pm, $10.
Rusted Root Independent. 8pm, $25
Stan Erhart Band Johnny Foley's. 9pm, free
Qumran Orphics, Bill Orcutt, Marissa Anderson Hemlock Tavern 8:30pm, $6 SFBG

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Stage listings are compiled by Guardian staff. Performance times may change; call venues to confirm. Reviewers are Robert Avila, Rita Felciano, and Nicole Gluckstern. Submit items for the listings at listings@sfbg.com. For further information on how to submit items for the listings, see Picks.

THEATER

OPENING

And That's What Little Girls Are Made Of Tides Theatre, 533 Sutter, SF; www.whatgirlsaremadeof.com. $20-30. Opens Thu/19, 8pm. Runs Thu-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 2pm. Through Nov 4. Jennifer Wilson's multimedia play chronicles her attempts to break into the male-dominated world of venture capital funds.

Fat Pig Boxcar Theatre Studio, 125A Hyde, SF; www.brownpapertickets.com. $20. Opens Thu/18, 8pm. Runs Thu-Sat, 8pm. Through Nov 10. Theater Toda presents Neil LaBute's dark comedy about a man who faces scrutiny from his friends when he falls for a plus-sized woman.

Fierce Love: Stories From Black Gay Life New Conservatory Theatre Center, 25 Van Ness, SF; www.nctcsf.org. $25-37. Previews Wed/17-Thu/18, 8pm. Opens Fri/19, 8pm. Runs Wed-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 2pm. Through Oct 28. Pomo Afro Homos performs a revival of of its 1991 hit about the struggles of African American gay men in America.

BAY AREA

Richard III Live Oak Theatre, 1301 Shattuck, Berk; www.aeofberkeley.org. $12-15. Opens Fri/19, 8pm. Runs Fri-Sat, 8pm. Through Nov 17. Actors Ensemble of Berkeley performs the Shakespeare classic

Within the Wheel Live Oak Park, 1301 Shattuck, Berk; www.raggedwing.org Free. Previews Wed/17, 6pm. Opens Thu/18, 6pm. Runs Thu-Sat, 6pm (last entry 7:30pm; special Halloween show Oct 31). Through Nov 3. Ragged Wing Ensemble presents an immersive performance experience inspired by the Tibetan Book of the Dead

ONGOING

Elect to Laugh Marsh San Francisco, 1062 Valencia, SF; www.themarsh.org. Tue. 8pm. Through Nov 6. $15-50. Veteran political comedian Will Durst emphasizes he's watching the news and keeping track of the presidential race "so you don't have to." Durst knows his politics and comedy backwards and forwards, and the evolving show, which pops up at the Marsh every Tuesday in the run-up to election night, offers consistent laughs born on his breezy, infectious delivery. One just wishes there were some alternative political universe that also made itself known alongside the deft two-party sportscasting. (Avila)

The Fifth Element: Live! Dark Room Theater, 2263 Mission, SF; www.darkroomsf.com. Fri-Sat, 8pm. Through Oct 27. Comedic adaptation of the 1997 Luc Besson sci-fi epic

Foodies! The Musical Shelton Theater, 533 Sutter, SF; www.foodiesthemusical.com. $30-34 Fri-Sat, 8pm (no show Nov 17). Open-ended. AWAT Productions presents Morris Bobrow's musical comedy revue all about food.

Geezer Marsh San Francisco, 1062 Valencia, SF; www.themarsh.org. $30-100. Sat, 8pm; Sun, 7pm. Through Nov 18. Geoff Hoyle's popular solo show about aging returns.

Love in the Time of Zombies Café Royale, 800 Post, SF; sftheaterpub.wordpress.com. Free ($5 donation suggested). Mon-Tue, 8pm. Through Oct 30. San Francisco Theater Pub performs Kirk Shimano's "rom-zom-com."

Of Thee I Sing Eureka Theatre, 215 Jackson, SF; www.42ndstmoon.org. $25-75. Wed, 7pm; Thu-Fri, 8pm; Sat, 6pm; Sun, 3pm. Through Oct 21. 42nd Street Moon performs George and Ira Gershwin's classic political satire.

The Real Americans Marsh San Francisco, 1062 Valencia, SF; www.themarsh.org. $25-50. Fri, 8pm; Sat, 8:30pm. Extended through Oct 27. Dan Hoyle's hit show, inspired by the people and places he encountered during his 100-day road trip across America in 2009, continues.

Roseanne: Live! Rebel, 1760 Market, SF; www.brownpapertickets.com. $25. Wed, 7 and 9pm (no shows Oct 31). Through Nov 14. Lady Bear, Heklina, D'Arcy Drollinger, and more star in this tribute to the long-running sitcom.

The Scotland Company Exit Theatre, 156 Eddy, SF; www.thunderbirdtheatre.com. $15-25. Thu-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 3pm. Through Oct 27. Thunderbird Theatre Company performs Jake Rosenberg's new comedy.

Shocktoberfest 13: The Bride of Death Hypnodrome, 575 10th St, SF; www.thrillpeddlers.com. $25-35. Thu-Sat, 8pm. Through Nov 17. Thrillpeddlers' annual Halloween horror extravaganza features a classic Grand Guignol one-act and two world premiere one-acts, plus a blackout spook show finale.

"Strindberg Cycle: The Chamber Plays in Rep" Exit on Taylor, 277 Taylor, SF; www.cuttingball.com. $10-50 (festival pass, $75). Previews Oct 25, 7:30pm and Oct 26, 8pm (part two); Nov 1, 7:30pm and Nov 2, 8pm (part three). Opens Thu/18, 7:30pm (part one); Oct 27, 8pm (part two); and Nov 3, 8pm (part three). Runs Thu, 7:30pm; Fri-Sat, 8pm (also Sat, 2pm); Sun, 5pm. Through Nov 18. Cutting Ball performs a festival of August Strindberg in three parts: *The Ghost Sonata*, *The Pelican* and *The Black Glove*, and *Storm* and *Burned House*.

The Waiting Period Marsh San Francisco, 1062 Valencia, SF; www.themarsh.org. $15-50. Thu-Fri, 8pm; Sat, 5pm. Extended through Oct 27. Brian Copeland (comedian, TV and radio personality, and creator-performer of the long-running solo play *Not a Genuine Black Man*) returns to the Marsh with a new solo, this one based on more recent and messier events in Copeland's life. It's a worthy aim but only a fitfully engaging piece, since as drama it remains thin, standing at perhaps too respectful a distance from the convoluted torment and alienation at its center. (Avila)

BAY AREA

Acid Test: The Many Incarnations of Ram Dass Marsh Berkeley, 2120 Allston, Berk; www.themarsh.org. $15-50. Thu-Fri, 8pm; Sat, 5pm. Through Nov 24. Lynne Kaufman's new play stars Warren David Keith as the noted spiritual figure.

Assassins Ashby Stage, 1901 Ashby, Berk; www.shotgunplayers.org. $20-30. Wed-Thu, 7pm; Fri-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 5pm. Through Nov 11. Shotgun Players performs the Sondheim musical about John Wilkes Booth, Lee Harvey Oswald, and other famous Presidential killers (and would-be killers).

An Iliad Berkeley Repertory Theatre, Roda Theatre, 2015 Addison, Berk; www.berkeleyrep.org. $14.50-77. Opens Wed/17, 8pm. Runs Tue and Thu-Sat, 8pm (also Sat, 2pm); Wed and Sun, 7pm (also Sun, 2pm). Through Nov 11. Berkeley Rep performs Lisa Peterson and Denis O'Hare's Homer-inspired tale

The Kipling Hotel: True Misadventures of the Electric Pink '80s Marsh Berkeley, 2120 Allston, Berk; www.themarsh.org. $20-50. Sat, 8:30pm; Sun, 7pm. Extended through Dec 16. This new autobiographical solo show by Don Reed, writer-performer of the fine and long-running *East 14th*, is another slice of the artist's journey from 1970s Oakland ghetto to comedy-circuit respectability. Even with some awkward bumps along the way, it's never a dull thing watching Reed work. (Avila)

Richard the First: Part One, Part Two, Part Three Berkeley City Club, 2315 Durant, Berk; www.centralworks.org. $14-25. Opens Thu/18, 8pm (part one); Fri/19, 8pm (part two); and Sat/20, 8pm (part three). Runs Thu-Sat, 8pm; Sun, 5pm (three-part marathon Sundays, Nov 11 and 18, 2, 5, 8pm). Through Nov 18. This Central Works Method Trilogy presents a rotating schedule of three plays by Gary Graves about the king known as "the Lionheart."

Sex, Slugs and Accordion Marsh Berkeley, 2120 Allston, Berk; www.themarsh.org. $10. Wed, 8pm. Through Nov 14. Jetty Swärt, a.k.a. Jet Black Pearl, stars in this "wild and exotic evening of song."

33 Variations TheatreWorks at the Mountain View Center for the Performing Arts, 500 Castro, Mtn View; www.theatreworks.org. $23-73. Tue-Wed, 7:30pm; Thu-Sat, 8pm (also Sat, 2pm); Sun, 2 and 7pm. Through Oct 28. TheatreWorks performs Moisés Kaufman's drama about a contemporary musicologist struggling to solve one of Beethoven's greatest mysteries, and a connecting story about the composer himself.

Topdog/Underdog Marin Theatre Company, 397 Miller, Mill Valley; www.marintheatre.org. $36-57. Wed/17, 7:30pm; Thu/18-Sat/20, 8pm (also Sat/20, 2pm); Sun/21, 2 and 7pm. Marin Theatre Company performs Suzan-Lori Parks' Pulitzer Prize winner about a contentious pair of brothers.

The World's Funniest Bubble Show Marsh Berkeley, 2120 Allston, Berk; www.themarsh.org. $8-50. Sun, 11am; Nov 23-25, 11am. Through Nov 25. Louis "The Amazing Bubble Man" Pearl brings his lighter-than-air show back to the Marsh. SFBG

WEDNESDAY 17

"Lube: Deciding Which is Best for You" Feelmore510, 1703 Telegraph, Oakl. (510) 891-0199, www.feelmore510.com. 7:30pm, free. Oakland adult shop Feelmore510 wants you to educate yourself before you lube yourself. The adult store is hosting an informative workshop that will school you on the lube market, the best kinds of lube for various sensitive skin types, and the ingredients in lube. People of all genders and sexualities are welcome.

THURSDAY 18

Release party for Gratta Wines' new "Garage Blend" El Rio, 3158 Mission, SF. (415) 282-3325, www.mugsy.tumblr.com. 5:30-8:30pm, free. Mugsy's Wine Bar will be occupying El Rio's scenic back patio to debut the Bayview's Gratta Wines new release entitled "Garage Blend." The new wine is an amalgamation of Sonoma Cabernet, Zinfandel, and Petit Sirah. Complementing the wine at this event will be oysters from El Rio and Italian flatbread from Piadina. Yum!

"Woman Warrior" Poetry Reading Poetry Center, Humanities Building, SFSU, 1600 Holloway, SF (415) 338-2227, creativestate.sfsu.edu. 4:30pm, free. Gulf War veteran Sean McClain Brown, who suffers from PTSD, credits renowned writer, activist, and professor emerita at UC Berkeley Maxine Hong Kingston for saving his life when she became his writing teacher. Their friendship will be on full display as they join together for a reading of Hong Kingston's beloved work, hosted by SFSU's Poetry Center.

FRIDAY 19

2 Blocks of Art Sixth St. between Market and Howard, SF. (415) 553-4433, www.urbansolutionssf.org. 4-8pm, free. In conjunction with the 24 Days of Central Market Arts Festival, Urban Solutions will be painting two blocks in the mid-market area with a variety of local art. The festival's main aim is to showcase the intriguing collection of galleries, theaters, shops and bars that make up the mid-market neighborhood. Think Sunday Streets but hella condensed.

SATURDAY 20

Native Plant Sale Miraloma Park Improvement Club, 350 O'Shaughnessy, SF. (415) 531-2140, www.cnps-yerbabuena.org. 1-5pm, free. Is your garden sorely lacking "native" plants? Then skip on over to the Yerba Buena Native Plant sale, where vendors will be selling a diverse array of flora and fauna native to Northern California.

Lit-Night at Rolling-Out: Lina Shustarovich and the Immigrant Experience Rolling-Out, 1722 Taraval, SF. jstevensonstories.blogspot.com. 7pm, free. Memoirist and former editor at *Switchback* magazine Lina Shustarovich will be reading excerpts from her upcoming work, detailing her childhood as part of the Russian-Jewish diaspora. Post-reading, there will be an open mic for others to expound upon their immigrant experiences.

Leap's Sandcastle Contest Ocean Beach, Great American and Fulton, SF. (415) 512-1899, www.leaparts.org. 10am-4pm, free. We all know Ocean Beach is way too cold to swim in without an inch-thick wetsuit — but one thing it's good for is hosting sandcastle building competitions. Local arts education nonprofit Leap will be a hosting Leap Year version of the contest that will feature architects and engineers teaming up with elementary school students. Participants have just four hours to create the best and most imaginative sand sculptures. The artistically challenged need not sigh, because there'll be a "Community Castle" area where they'll be able to frolic in.

23rd Annual Potrero Hill Festival Potrero Hill Neighborhood House, 953 De Haro, SF. (415) 826-8025, www.potrerofestival.com. 9am-4pm, $12. Attention foodies with a special affinity for New Orleans-style treats: the Potrero Hill Neighborhood House will be kicking off its 23rd annual Potrero Hill Festival with a special New Orleans brunch prepared by the California Culinary Academy. Post brunch the festival will spill over onto 20th St. between Missouri and Wisconsin and will continue the party with the expected block party pageantry, like food trucks, live kids entertainment, and pop-up arts and crafts shops.

SUNDAY 21

SF Architectural Heritage Free Community Day Haas-Lilienthal House, 2007 Franklin, SF. www.sfheritage.org. 11am-4pm, free. Pacific Heights sure has some swanky residences, but prepare yourself to witness one of the swankiest houses in Pac Heights. The house in question is the 1886 Victorian masterpiece Haas-Lilienthal house. The SF Architectural Heritage organization will serve as your guide as it hosts a guided tour of the recently designated "National Treasure." Late 19th century monocles not included.

TUESDAY 23

Chris Ware and Charles Burns JCCSF, 3200 California, SF. www.jccsf.org/arts. 7pm, free reservations requested. Genre-busting graphic novelists Chris Ware (*Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*) and Charles Burns (*Black Hole*, *X'ed Out*) will be holding a conversation on their new works and the nature of graphic novels hosted by the local JCCSF. SFBG

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FILM LISTINGS

Film listings are edited by Cheryl Eddy. Reviewers are Kimberly Chun, Dennis Harvey, Lynn Rapoport, and Sara Vizcarrondo. For rep house showtimes, see Rep Clock. For complete film listings, see www.sfbg.com.

OPENING

Alex Cross Tyler Perry sheds his Madea drag to play James Patterson's iconic detective. (1:41) *Shattuck.*

Bel Borba Aqui "The People's Picasso" and "Brazil's Pied Piper of Street Art" are both apt descriptions of veteran artist Bel Borba, who has spent decades bringing color and imagination to the streets of Salvador — his seaside hometown, and a place already graced with the nickname "Brazil's Capital of Happiness." It's not a stretch to imagine that Borba's commitment to public art (a giant Christmas tree made of plastic Coke bottles, a rhinoceros sculpture crafted from old boat planks, hundreds of large-scale mosaics, even a painted airplane) has done its share to lift spirits. *Bel Borba Aqui* isn't the sort of doc to delve into its mustachioed subject's history or personal life (despite a few angry cell phone conversations randomly captured along the way); instead, it's much like Borba himself — freewheeling and spontaneous, and most alive when it's showing art being created. Great soundtrack, too. (1:34) *Roxie.* (Eddy)

Fat Kid Rules the World It really does suck to be Troy (Jacob Wysocki from 2011's *Terri*). An XXL-sized high schooler, he's invisible to his peers, derided by his little brother (Dylan Arnold), and has lived in general domestic misery since the death of his beloved mother under the heavy-handed rule of his well-meaning but humorless ex-military dad (Billy Campbell). His only friends are online gamers, his only girlfriends the imaginary kind. But all that begins to change when chance throws him across the path of notorious local hellraiser Marcus (Matt O'Leary), who's been expelled from school, has left the band he fronts, and is equal parts rebel hero to druggy, lyin' mess. But he randomly decrees Troy is cool, and his new drummer. Even if he's just being used, Troy's world is headed for some big changes. Actor Matthew Lillard's feature directorial debut, based on K.L. Going's graphic novel, is familiar stuff in outline but a delight in execution, as it traces the usual teen-comedy crudities (a few gratuitous joke fantasy sequences aside) for something more heartfelt and restrained, while still funny. O'Leary from last year's overlooked *Natural Selection* is flamboyantly terrific, while on the opposite end of the acting scale Campbell makes repressed emotion count for a lot — he has one wordless moment at a hospital that just might bring you to the tears his character refuses to spill. (1:38) *Metreon, Smith Rafael.* (Harvey)

The House I Live In Much like he did in 2005's *Why We Fight*, filmmaker Eugene Jarecki identifies a Big issue (in that film, the Iraq War) and strips it down, tracing all of the history leading up to the current crisis point. Here, he takes on America's "war on drugs," which I put quotes around not just because it was a phrase spoken by Nixon and Reagan, but also because — as *The House I Live In* ruthlessly exposes — it's been a failure, a sham, since its origins in the late 1960s. Framing his investigation with the personal story of his family's housekeeper — whose dedication to the Jarecki family meant that she was absent when her own son turned to drugs — and enfolding a diverse array of interviews (a sympathetic prison guard, addicts and their families, *The Wire*'s David Simon) and locations (New York City, Sioux City), Jarecki has created an eye-opening film. Particularly well-explained are segments on how drug laws correlate directly to race and class, and how the prison-industrial complex has played a part in making sure those laws remain as strict as possible. (1:48) *Shattuck.* (Eddy)

Love Me Deadly/The Mephisto Waltz The Vortex Room's October series of scary movies continues with two films that take love beyond the grave — not a healthy pursuit, in either case. Paul Wendkos' 1971 *The Mephisto Waltz*, one of relatively few major studio attempts to cash in on the success of *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), offers another tale of modern-day occult predation. Jacqueline Bisset is the wife who begins to notice something very wrong with her husband (pre-*MASH* Alan Alda) after they befriend a dying concert pianist (Curt Jurgens) with his own beautiful wife (Barbara Parkins from 1967's *Valley of the Dolls*). A rare big-screen foray (the *Gidget* series aside) for a director who'd become one of the most prolific makers of TV movies, it's not as good as Fred Mustard Stewart's original novel, but it's still a strong, macabre thriller that's been unduly forgotten. Never much noticed at all was *Love Me Deadly*, a truly bizarre independent production that must have perplexed its few viewers (let alone exhibitors) and still looks pretty inexplicable today. Waxy blonde Southern Californian Lindsay (Mary Wilcox, demonstrating none of the humor she'd later show as an *SCTV* irregular) is a grown-up daddy's little girl whose daddy is now dead. In the logic of director-scenarist Jacques Lacerte, this naturally makes her inclined toward perverse sexual desires she expresses sorta-harmlessly by sneaking corpse kisses at strangers' funerals — until her predilection catches the eye of a mortician (Timothy Scott), who shares similar urges but acts on them in far more disturbing fashion. The scene in which he dispatches a gay hustler is truly harrowing. But elsewhere *Deadly* is more soap opera than horror movie, much concerned with Lindsay frigid marriage to a living man played by Lyle Waggoner, *The Carol Burnett Show*'s resident hunk and future partner to TV's Wonder Woman. With its easy-listening piano score and glossy if low-budget veneer, this bad-taste concept exercises good taste in all the wrong places, to very odd effect. It was, perhaps unsurprisingly, the first and last feature for Mr. Lacerte, as well as several of his principal collaborators. Most of them have since passed on, meaning we'll never get to find out just what the hell they were thinking making a drive-in horror-romance about necrophilia. *Vortex Room.* (Harvey)

Middle of Nowhere All the reasons why movie publicist turned filmmaker Ava DuVernay scored the best director award at the Sundance Film Festival are up here on the screen. Taking on the emotionally charged yet rarely attempted challenge of picturing the life of the loved one left behind by the incarcerated, DuVernay furthers the cause of telling African American stories — she founded AaFFRM (African-American Film Festival Releasing Movement) and made her directorial debut with 2008 LA hip-hop doc *This Is The Life* — with *Middle of Nowhere*. Medical student Ruby (the compelling Emayatzy Corinealdi) appears to have a bright future ahead of her, when her husband Derek (Omari Hardwick) makes some bad choices and is tossed into maximum security prison for eight long years. She swears she'll wait for him, putting her dreams aside, making the long bus ride out to visit him regularly, and settling for any nursing shift she can. How will she scrape the money together to pay the lawyer for Derek's parole hearing, cope with the grinding disapproval of her mother (Lorraine Toussaint), support the increasingly hardened and altered Derek, *and* most importantly, discover a new path for herself? All are handled with rare empathy and compassion by DuVernay, who is rewarded for her care by her cast's powerful performances. Our reward might be found amid the everyday poetry of Ruby's life, while she wraps her hair for bed, watches *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul* (1974), and fantasizes about love in a life interrupted. (1:41) *Shattuck.* (Chun)

Paranormal Activity 4 They're baaaack. (1:21) *Presidio.*

Simon and the Oaks Despite being gripping or heartwarming at times, *Simon and the Oaks*, based on the novel by Marianne Fredriksson, fails to cohere, serving as another reminder of the perennial dilemma of converting literature to film. It tells the story of Simon (Bill Skarsgard — son of Stellan, younger brother of Alexander), a boy coming of age in World War II Sweden. He befriends Isak, son of a Jewish bookkeeper who fled Nazi Germany, and their families become close when Isak's father nurtures Simon's love of books and Isak begins to heal his emotional scars by diving into carpentry work with Simon's father. The moments of true human compassion between the two families begin to falter as the story jumps around to follow Simon's search for love and identity. More missteps: Simon's discovery of classical music is conveyed via a series of "artsy" montages, and his brief affair with a fiery Auschwitz victim — problematic, to say the least. (2:02) *Albany, Clay.* (Molly Champlin)

Smashed A heartbreaking lead performance from Mary Elizabeth Winstead drives this tale of a marriage tested when one partner decides to get sober. And it's time: after an epic night of boozing, first-grade teacher Kate (Winstead) pukes in front of her class, then lies and says she's pregnant, not anticipating the pushy delight of the school's principal (Megan Mullally). Plus, Kate's gotten into the habit of waking up in strange, unsafe places, not really remembering how she stumbled there in the first place. Husband Charlie (*Breaking Bad*'s Aaron Paul) sees no reason to give up partying; he's a music blogger whose "office" is the home his wealthy parents bought for the couple, and his problem isn't quite as unmanageable as hers (at least, we never see *him* peeing in a convenience store). After Kate joins AA, she realizes she'll have to face her problems rather than drinking them away — a potentially clichéd character arc that's handled without flashy hysterics by director and co-writer (with Susan Burke) James Ponsoldt, and conveyed with grace and pain by Winstead —an actor probably best-known for playing Ramona Flowers in 2010's *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*, but just now revealing the scope of her talent. (1:25) *Embarcadero, Shattuck.* (Eddy)

Tai Chi Zero A little boy dubbed "the Freak" for the curious, horn-like growth on his forehead grows up to be Lu Chan (Jaydan Yuan), who becomes a near-supernatural martial arts machine when the horn is punched, panic-button style. But activating the "Three Blossoms of the Crown," as it's called, takes a toll on the boy's health, so he's sent to the isolated Chen Village to learn their signature moves, though he's repeatedly told "Chen-style kung fu is not taught to outsiders!" Stephen Fung's lighthearted direction (characters are introduced with bios about the actors who play them, even the split-second cameos: "Andrew Lau, director of the *Infernal Affairs* trilogy"), affinity for steampunk and whimsy, engagement of Sammo Hung as action director, and embracing of the absurd (the film's most-repeated line: "What the hell?") all bring interest to this otherwise pretty predictable kung-fu tale, with its old-ways-versus-Western-ways conflict and misfit hero. Still, there's something to be said for batshit insanity. (Be warned, though: *Tai Chi Zero* is the first in a series, which means one thing: it ends on a cliffhanger. Argh.) (1:34) *California, Metreon.* (Eddy)

The Waiting Room Twenty-four hours in the uneasy

CONTINUES ON PAGE 42 >>

MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD AND AARON PAUL STAR AS AN ALCOHOLIC COUPLE IN *SMASHED*, OUT FRI/19. PHOTO BY OANA MARIAN

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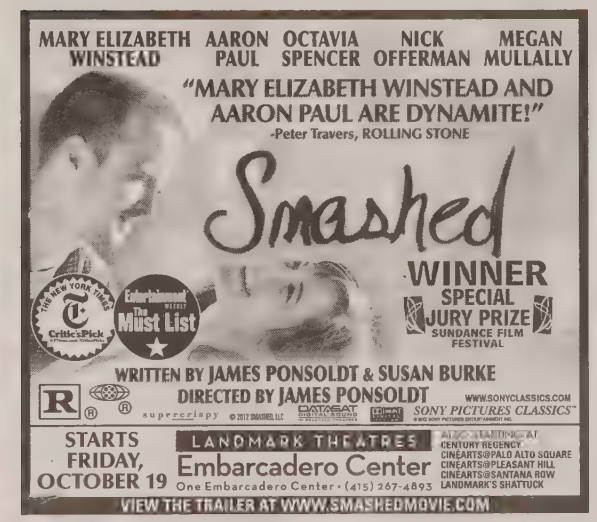

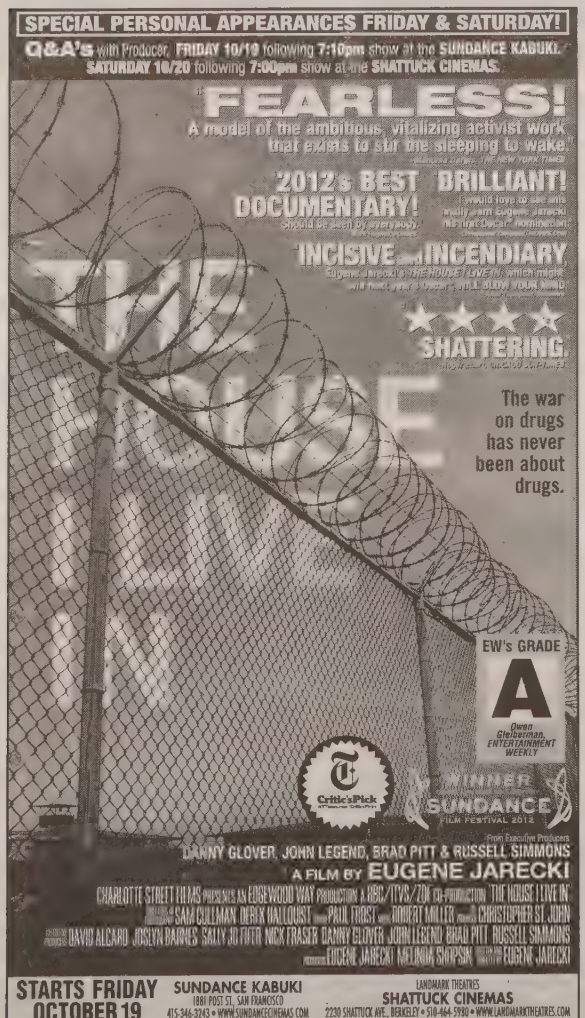

FILM LISTINGS

TYLER PERRY (LEFT) STARS AS THE TITULAR DETECTIVE IN *ALEX CROSS*, OUT FRI/19. PHOTO BY SIDNEY BALDWIN

FIRST RUN VENUES

The following is contact information for Bay Area first-run theaters.

Balboa 38th Ave/Balboa. 221-8184, www.balboamovies.com.

Bridge Geary/Blake. 267-4893.

Century Plaza Noor off El Camino, South SF. (650) 742-9200.

Century 20 Junipero Serra/John Daly, Daly City. (650) 994-7469.

Clay Fillmore/Clay. 267-4893.

Embarcadero 1 Embarcadero Center, promenade level. 267-4893.

Empire West Portal/Vicente. 661-2539.

Four Star Clement/23rd Ave. 666-3488.

Kabuki Cinema Post/Fillmore. 929-4650.

Marina 2149 Chestnut. www.lntsf.com/marina_theatre

Metreon Fourth St/Mission. 1-800-FANDANGO.

New People Cinema 1746 Post. www.new peopleworld.com.

1000 Van Ness 1000 Van Ness. 1-800-231-3307.

Opera Plaza Van Ness/Golden Gate. 267-4893.

Presidio 2340 Chestnut. 776-2388.

SF Center Mission between Fourth and Fifth sts. 538-8422.

Stonestown 19th Ave/Winston. 221-8182.

Vogue Sacramento/Presidio. 221-8183.

OAKLAND

Grand Lake 3200 Grand, Oakl. (510) 452-3556.

Jack London Stadium 100 Washington, Jack London Square, Oakl. (510) 433-1320.

Piedmont Piedmont/41st St, Oakl. (510) 464-5980.

BERKELEY AREA

Albany 1115 Solano, Albany. (510) 464-5980.

AMC Bay Street 16 5614 Shellmound, Emeryville. (510) 457-4262.

California Kittredge/Shattuck, Berk. (510) 464-5980.

Cerrito 10070 San Pablo, El Cerrito. (510) 972-9102.

Emery Bay 6330 Christie, Emeryville. (510) 420-0107.

Rialto Cinemas Elmwood 2966 College Ave. at Ashby, Berk. (510) 433-9730.

Shattuck Cinemas 2230 Shattuck, Berk. (510) 464-5980.

UA Berkeley 2274 Shattuck, Berk. (510) 843-1487 SFBG

CONT>>

limbo of an ER waiting room sounds like a grueling, maddening experience, and that's certainly a theme in this day-in-the-life film. But local documentarian Peter Nicks has crafted an absorbing portrait of emergency public health care, as experienced by patients and their families at Oakland's Highland Hospital and as practiced by the staff there. Other themes: no insurance, no primary care physician, and an emergency room being used as a medical facility of first, last, and only resort. Nicks has found a rich array of subjects to tell this complicated story: An anxious, unemployed father sits at his little girl's bedside. Staffers stare at a computer screen, tracking a flood of admissions and the scarce commodity of available beds. A doctor contemplates the ethics of discharging a homeless addict for the sake of freeing up one of them. And a humorous, ultra-competent triage nurse fields an endless queue of arrivals with humanity and steady nerves. (1:21) *Grand Lake, Sundance Kabuki.* (Rapoport)

Wuthering Heights See "Gimme Moors." (2:08) *Bridge, Shattuck.*

ONGOING

Argo If you didn't knew the particulars of the 1979 Iranian Revolution, you won't be an expert after *Argo*, but the film does a good job of capturing America's fearful reaction to the events that followed it — particularly the hostage crisis at the US embassy in Tehran. *Argo* zeroes in on the fate of six embassy staffers who managed to escape the building and flee to the home of the sympathetic Canadian ambassador (Victor Garber). Back in Washington, short-tempered CIA agents (including a top-notch Bryan Cranston) cast about for ways to rescue them. Enter Tony Mendez (Ben Affleck, who also directs), exfil specialist and father to a youngster wrapped up in the era's sci-fi craze. While watching 1973's *Battle for the Planet of the Apes*, Tony comes up with what Cranston's character calls "the best bad idea we have:" the CIA will fund a phony Canadian movie production (corny, intergalactic, and titled *Argo*) and pretend the six are part of the crew, visiting Iran for a few days on a location shoot. Tony will sneak in, deliver the necessary fake-ID documents, and escort them out. Neither his superiors, nor the six in hiding, have much faith in the idea. ("Is this the part where we say, 'It's so crazy it just might work?'" someone asks, beating the cliché to the punch.) *Argo* never lets you forget that lives are at stake; every painstakingly forged form, every bluff past a checkpoint official increases the anxiety (to the point of being laid on a bit thick by the end). But though Affleck builds the needed suspense with gusto, *Argo* comes alive in its Hollywood scenes. As the show-biz veterans who mull over Tony's plan with a mix of Tinseltown cynicism and patiotic duty, John Goodman and Alan Arkin practically burst with in-joke brio. I could have watched an entire movie just about those two. (2:00) *Four Star, Marina, 1000 Van Ness, SF Center, Sundance Kabuki.* (Eddy)

Beasts of the Southern Wild (1:31) *Shattuck.*

Butter (1:32) *Smith Rafael.*

The Dark Knight Rises (2:44) *Metreon.*

Decoding Deepak And you thought your dad was a hard nut to crack. *Decoding Deepak*, directed by the son of New Age guru Deepak Chopra, offers insight into what it's like to be the son of a man who's built a career on commodifying spirituality, thanks to a string of best sellers and an Oprah seal of approval. Though the thirtysomething Gotham Chopra seems focused on catching his father off guard, Deepak offstage is exactly what you'd expect: a bit entitled and narcissistic, as many famous folks tend to be; obsessed with Twitter, as all media people tend to be; and "a guy who turns any mundane question into a talking point for a new book." In other words, there are no shocking revelations here — though *Deepak* does offer an up-close view of some exceptionally galactic father-son tension. (1:23) *Roxie, Smith Rafael.* (Eddy)

Detropia (1:30) *Roxie.*

Diana Vreeland: The Eye Has to Travel (1:26) *Embarcadero.*

Dredd 3D (1:38) *Metreon.*

End of Watch (1:49) *1000 Van Ness, SF Center.*

Excuse Me for Living (1:45) *1000 Van Ness.*

Frankenweenie Tim Burton's feature-length *Frankenweenie* expands his 1984 short of the same name (canned by Disney back in the day for being too scary), and is the first black and white film to receive the 3D IMAX treatment. A stop-motion homage to every monster movie Burton ever loved, *Frankenweenie* is also a revival of the Frankenstein story cute-ified for kids; it takes the showy elements of Mary Shelley's novel and morphs them to fit Burton's hyperbolic aesthetic. Elementary-school science wiz Victor takes his disinterred dog from bull terrier to gentle abomination (when the thirsty Sparky drinks, he shoots water out of the seams holding his body parts together). Victor's competitor in the school science fair, Edgar E. Gore, finds out about Sparky and ropes in classmates to scrape up their dead pets from the town's eerily utilized pet cemetery and harness the town's lightning surplus. The film's answer to Boris Karloff (lisp intact) resurrects a mummified hamster, while a surrogate for Japanese Godzilla maker Ishiro Honda, revives his pet turtle Shelley (get it?) into Gamera. As these experiments aren't borne of love, they don't go as well at Victor's. If you love Burton, *Frankenweenie* feels like the at-last presentation of a story he's been dying to tell for years. If you don't love him, you might wonder why it took him so long to get it out. When Victor's science teacher leaves the school, he tells Victor an experiment conducted without love is different from one conducted with it: love, he implies, is a variable. If that's the variable that separates 2003's *Big Fish* (heartbreaking) from 2010's *Alice In Wonderland* (atrocious), it's a large one indeed. The love was there for 29 minutes in 1984, but I can't say it endures when stretched to 87 minutes 22 years later. (1:27) *Metreon, 1000 Van Ness, Sundance Kabuki.* (Vizcarrondo)

Here Comes the Boom The makers of September's *Won't Back Down* might quibble with this statement, but the rest of us can probably agree that nothing (with the possible exception of Trapper Keepers) says "back to school" like competitive steel-cage mixed martial arts — particularly if

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the proceeds from the matches go toward saving extracurriculars at a down-at-the-heels public high school. Kevin James plays Scott Voss, a 42-year-old biology teacher at the aforementioned school, whose lack of vocational enthusiasm is manifested by poor attendance and classroom observations about how none of what the students are learning matters. He's jolted from this criminally subpar performance of his academic duties, however, when budget cuts threaten the school's arts programs, including the job of an earnest and enthusiastic music teacher (Henry Winkler) whose dedication Scott lazily admires. It seems less than inevitable that this state of affairs would lead to Scott's donning his college wrestling singlet and trundling into the ring to get pummeled and mauled for cash, but it seems to work better than a bake sale. Less effective and equally unconvincing are Scott's whiplash arc from bad apple to teacher-of-the-year; a percolating romance between him and the school nurse, played by Salma Hayek; and the script's tortuous parade of rousing statements celebrating the power of the human spirit, seemingly cribbed from a page-a-day calendar of inspirational quotes. (1:45) *1000 Van Ness, SF Center.* (Rapoport)

Hotel Transylvania (1:32) *Metreon, 1000 Van Ness, Shattuck.*

House At the End of the Street (1:43) *Metreon.*

Looper It's 2044 and, thanks to a lengthy bout of exposition by our protagonist, Joe (Joseph Gordon-Levitt), here's what we know: Time travel, an invention 30 years away, will be used by criminals to transport their soon-to-be homicide victims backward, where a class of gunmen called loopers, Joe among them, are employed to "do the necessaries." More deftly revealed in *Brick* writer-director Rian Johnson's new film is the joylessness of the world in which Joe amorally makes his way, where gangsters from the future control the present (under the supervision of Jeff Daniels), their hit men live large but badly (Joe is addicted to some eyeball-administered narcotic), and the remainder of the urban populace suffers below-subsistence-level poverty. The latest downside for guys like Joe is that a new crime boss has begun sending back a steady stream of aging loopers for termination, or "closing the loop"; soon enough, Joe is staring down a gun barrel at himself plus 30 years. Being played by Bruce Willis, old Joe is not one to peaceably abide by a death warrant, and young Joe must set off in search of himself so that—with the help of a woman named Sara (Emily Blunt) and her creepy-cute son Cid (Pierce Gagnon)—he can blow his own (future) head off. Having seen the evocatively horrific fate of another escaped looper, we can't totally blame him. Parsing the daft mechanics of time travel as envisioned here is rough going, but the film's brisk pacing and talented cast distract, and as one Joe tersely explains to another, if they start talking about it, "we're gonna be here all day making diagrams with straws"—in other words, some loops just weren't meant to be closed. (1:58) *1000 Van Ness, Piedmont, Presidio, SF Center, Sundance Kabuki.* (Rapoport)

The Master Paul Thomas Anderson's much-hyped likely Best Picture contender lives up: it's easily the best film of 2012 so far. Philip Seymour Hoffman stars as Lancaster Dodd, the L. Ron Hubbard-ish head of a Scientology-esque movement. "The Cause" attracts Freddie Quell (Joaquin Phoenix, in a welcome return from the faux-deep end), less for its pseudo-religious psychobabble and bizarre personal-growth exercises, and more because it supplies the aimless, alcoholic veteran — a drifter in every sense of the word — with a sense of community he yearns for, yet resists submitting to. As with *There Will Be Blood* (2007), Anderson focuses on the tension between the two main characters: an older, established figure and his upstart challenger. But there's less cut-and-dried antagonism here; while their relationship is complex, and it does lead to dark, troubled places, there are also moments of levity and weird hilarity — which might have something to do with Freddie's paint-thinner moonshine. (2:17) *Albany, 1000 Van Ness, Opera Plaza, Sundance Kabuki.* (Eddy)

The Oranges (1:30) *Opera Plaza, SF Center.*

The Other Dream Team Despite all of the baseball and football fever crackling around town lately, there are some of us who wonder, "How long 'till basketball season?" Tide over your longing with this engaging doc, which is named for Lithuania's 1992 Olympic basketball team but is really about how the sport has shaped the culture of a nation, even during its decades spent under Soviet rule. It begins with the USSR's defeat of team USA at the 1988 games — at the height of the Cold War, and when most Americans assumed all Soviet athletes were more or less variations on the ruthless man-machine played by Dolph Lundgren in 1985's *Rocky IV.* Of course, what people didn't realize was that four of the five starters were Lithuanians — NBA-level players who were not allowed to leave the USSR to pursue their careers. Four years later, times had changed (one of the men is former Warriors standout Sarunas Marciulionis; another is Hall of Famer Arvydas Sabonis), and the Lithuanian team that competed in 1992 (with the financial backing of the Grateful Dead, hoops fans who applauded their courage) became an emotional symbol for the newly-independent country. The end result is a tale that's equal parts sobering, rousing, and funny — and tie-dyed. (1:31) *Embarcadero, Shattuck.* (Eddy)

The Paperboy Lee Daniels scored big with *Precious* (2009), but this follow-up is so off-kilter in tone and story it will likely polarize critics and confuse audiences, despite its A-list cast. I happened to enjoy the hell out of this tacky, sweat-drenched, gator-gutting, and generally overwrought adaptation of Peter Dexter's novel (Dexter and Daniels co-wrote the screenplay); it's kind of a *Wild Things-The Help-A Time to Kill* mash-up, with the ubiquitous Matthew McConaughey starring as Ward Jansen, a Florida newspaper reporter investigating what he thinks is the wrongful murder conviction of Hillary Van Wetter (a repulsively greasy John Cusack). But the movie's not really about that. Set in 1969 and narrated by Macy Gray, who plays the veteran housekeeper for the Jansens — a clan that also includes college dropout Jack (Zac Efron) — *The Paperboy* is neither mystery nor thriller. It's more of a swamp cocktail, with some odd directorial choices (random split-screen here, random zoom there) that *maybe* seem like exploitation movie homages. As a Southern floozy turned on by "prison cock" (but not, to his chagrin, by the oft-shirtless Jack), Nicole Kidman turns in her trashiest performance since 1995's *To Die For.* (1:46) *California, Embarcadero.* (Eddy)

The Perks of Being a Wallflower (1:43) *California, Embarcadero, Piedmont, Sundance Kabuki.*

Pitch Perfect (1:52) *Metreon, 1000 Van Ness.*

Samsara (1:39) *Opera Plaza, Shattuck.*

Searching for Sugar Man (1:25) *Opera Plaza, SF Center, Shattuck.*

Seven Psychopaths Those nostalgic for 1990s-style chatty assassins will find much to love in the broadly sketched *Seven Psychopaths.* Director-writer Martin McDonough already dipped a pen into Tarantino's blood-splattered ink well with his 2008 debut feature, *In Bruges,* and *Seven Psychopaths* reads as larkier and more off-the-cuff, as the award-winning Irish playwright continues to try to find his own discomfiting, teasing balance between goofy Grand Guignol yuks and meta-minded storytelling. Structured, sort of, with the certified lucidity of a thrill killer, *Seven Psychopaths* opens on *Boardwalk Empire* heavies Michael Pitt and Michael Stuhlbarg bantering about the terrors of getting shot in the eyeball, while waiting to "kill a chick." The talky twosome don't seem capable of harming a fat hen, in the face of the Jack of Spades serial killer, who happens to be Psychopath No. One and a serial destroyer of hired guns. The key to the rest of the psychopathic gang is locked in the noggin of screenwriter Marty (Colin Farrell), who's grappling with a major block and attempting the seeming impossible task of creating a peace-loving, Buddhist killer. Looking on are his girlfriend Kaya (Abbie Cornish) and actor best friend Billy (Sam Rockwell), who has a lucrative side gig as a dog kidnapper — and reward snatcher — with the dapper Hans (Christopher Walken). A teensy bit too enthusiastic about Marty's screenplay, Billy displays a talent for stumbling over psychos, reeling in Zachariah (Tom Waits) and, on his doggie-grabbing adventures, Shih Tzu-loving gangster Charlie (Woody Harrelson). Unrest assured, leitmotifs from McDonough plays — like a preoccupation with fiction-making (*The Pillowman*) and the coupling of pet-loving sentimentality and primal violence (*The Lieutenant of Inishmore*) — crop up in *Seven Psychopaths,* though in rougher, less refined form, and sprinkled with a nervous, bromantic anxiety that barely skirts homophobia. Best to bask in the cute, dumb pleasures of a saucer-eyed lap dog and the considerably more mental joys of this cast, headed up by dear dog hunter Walken, who can still stir terror with just a withering gaze and a voice that can peel the finish off a watch. (1:45) *Metreon, 1000 Van Ness, Piedmont, Sundance Kabuki.* (Chun)

Sinister True-crime author Ellison Oswalt (Ethan Hawke) hasn't had a successful book in a decade. So he uproots wife (Juliet Rylance) and kids (Michael Hall D'Addario, Clare Foley) for yet another research project, not telling them that they're actually moving into the recent scene of a ghastly unsolved murder in which an entire family — save one still-missing child — was hanged from a backyard tree. He finds a box in the attic that somehow escaped police attention, its contents being several reels of Super 8 home movies stretching back decades — all of which lies similarly wiped out in one cruel act. Smelling best-sellerdom, Ellison keeps this evidence of a serial slayer to himself. It's disturbing when his son re-commences sleepwalking night terrors. It's really disturbing when dad begins to spy a demonic looking figure lurking in the background of the films. It's really, really disturbing when the projector starts turning itself on, in the middle of the night, in his locked office. A considerable bounce-back from his bloated 2008 *Day the Earth Stood Still* remake, Scott Derrickson's film takes the opposite tact — it's very small in both physical scope and

CONTINUES ON PAGE 44 >>

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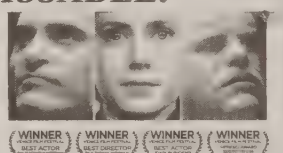

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SIDE BY SIDE, A DOC ABOUT THE ADVENT OF DIGITAL FILMMAKING, SCREENS AT YERBA BUENA CENTER FOR THE ARTS. COURTESY OF COMPANY FILMS

CONT>>

narrative focus, almost never leaving the Oswalt's modest house in fact. He takes the time to let pure creepiness build rather than feeling the need to goose our nads with a false scare or goresplat every five minutes. As a result, *Sinister* is definitely one of the year's better horrors, even if (perhaps inevitably) the denouement can't fully meet the expectations raised by that very long, unsettling buildup. (1:50) *Metreon, 1000 Van Ness.* (Harvey)

Sleepwalk with Me (1:30) *Opera Plaza.*

Taken 2 Surprise hit *Taken* (2008) was a soap opera produced by French action master Luc Besson and designed for export. The divorced-dad-saves-daughter-from-sex-slavery plot may have nagged at some universal parenting anxieties, but it was a Movie of the Week melodrama made on a major movie budget. *Taken 2* begins immediately after the last, with sweet teen Kim (Maggie Grace) talking about normalizing after she was drugged and bought for booty. Papa Neeson sees Kim's mom (Famke Janssen) losing her grip on husband number two and invites them both to holiday in Istanbul following one of his high-stakes security gigs. When the assistant with the money slinks him a fat envelope, Neeson chuckles at his haul. This is the point when women in the audience choose which Neeson they're watching: the understated super-provider or the warrior-dad whose sense of duty can meet no match. For family men, this is the breeziest bit of vicarious living available; Neeson's character is a tireless daddy duelist, a man as diligent as he is organized. (This is guy who screams "Victory loves preparation!") As head-splitting, disorienting, and generally exhausting as the action direction is, Neeson saves his ex-wife and the show in a stream of unclear shootouts. *Taken 2* is best suited for the small screen, but whatever the size, no one can stop an international slave trade (or wolves, or Batman) like 21st century Liam. Swoon. (1:31) *Marina, Metreon, 1000 Van Ness, Sundance Kabuki.* (Vizcarrondo) SFBG

REP CLOCK

Schedules are for Wed/17-Tue/23 except where noted. Director and year are given when available. Double and triple features marked with a •. All times pm unless otherwise specified.

"ARAB FILM FESTIVAL" Various Bay Area and SoCal venues; www.arabfilmfestival.org. $10-25. 16th annual fest featuring films from and about the Arab world, through Sun/21

ARTISTS' TELEVISION ACCESS 992 Valencia, SF; www.othercinema.com. $7. "Other Cinema:" films about space exploration introduced by Megan Prelinger, Sat, 8.

BALBOA 3630 Balboa, SF; www.cinemasf.com. $10. **Company**, filmed Broadway performance starring Neil Patrick Harris, Thu, 8.

BAYANIHAN CENTER 1010 Mission, SF; facinefest.wordpress.com. Free-$5. "Facine/19," festival of films from the Philippines and the Filipino diaspora, Sat-Sun. Continues Oct 26-27 at War Memorial Community Center, 6655 Mission, Daly City.

CASTRO 429 Castro, SF; (415) 621-6120, www.castrotheatre.com. $8.50-11. **The Little Mermaid** (Clements and Musker, 1989), presented sing-along style, Wed-Fri, 7. **Death Becomes Her** (Zemeckis, 1992), with pre-show starring Peaches Christ and Heklina, Sat, 8. This event, $20-40; more info at www.peacheschrist.com. •**Logan's Run** (Anderson, 1976), Sun, 2:30, 7, and **The Hunger** (Scott, 1983), Sun, 4:50, 9:20. •**Beasts of the Southern Wild** (Zeitlin, 2012), Tue, 3:15, 7, and **Neil Young Journeys** (Demme, 2011), Tue, 5:05, 8:50.

CHRISTOPHER B. SMITH RAFAEL FILM CENTER 1118 Fourth St, San Rafael; (415) 454-1222, www.cafilm.org. $6.75-$10.25. **Butter** (Smith, 201), Wed-Thu, call for times. **"Stars in Shorts,"** Wed-Thu, call for times. **Decoding Deepak** (Chopra, 2012), Wed-Thu, call for times. **Fat Kid Rules the World** (Lillard, 2012), Oct 19-25, call for times. **The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp** (Powell and Pressburger, 1943), Fri, Sun, and Tue, call for times. **Creature from the Black Lagoon 3D** (Arnold, 1954), Sat, Mon, and Oct 24, call for times. **Who Bombed Judi Bari?** (Cherney, 2012), Sun, 7.

CLIF BAR 1451 66th St, Emeryville; calwildfilmfest.eventbrite.com. $20. "Wild and Scenic Film Festival," environmental films presented by the California Wilderness Coalition, Thu, 6.

EXPLORATORIUM 3601 Lyon, SF; www.exploratorium.edu. $19-25 (includes museum admission). "Home Movie Day," Sat, noon and 3.

PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE 2575 Bancroft, Berk; (510) 642-5249, bampfa.berkeley.edu. $5.50-9.50. "Alternative Visions:" **Consuming Spirits** (Sullivan, 2012), Wed, 7. "LA Rebellion: Creating a New Black Cinema:" **Passing Through** (Clark, 1977), with **"When it Rains"** (Burnett, 1995), Thu, 7; **Compensation** (Davis, 1999), with **"Dark Exodus"** (White, 1985), Tue, 7. "Grand Illusions: French Cinema Classics, 1928-1960:" **À nous la liberté** (Clair, 1931), Fri, 7. "Life is Short: Nikkatsu Studios at 100:" **Gate of Flesh** (Suzuki, 1964), Fri, 8:40. "Home Movie Day:" "Ernest Beane Home Movies and other African American Amateur Films," Sat, 6:30. "An Army of Phantoms American Cinema and the Cold War:" **The Wild One** (Benedek, 1953), Sat, 8:45; **Panic in the Streets** (Kazan, 1950), Sun, 6:30. "A Theater Near You:" **The Battle of Algiers** (Pontecorvo, 1966), Sun, 4.

ROXIE 3117 and 3125 16th St, SF; (415) 863-1087, www.roxie.com. $6.50-10. **Decoding Deepak** (Chopra, 2012), Wed, 6:45, 8:30. **Detropia** (Ewing and Grady, 2012), Wed, 7, 9. **3, 2, 1 ... Frankie Go Boom** (Roberts, 2012), Wed, 10. **Consuming Spirits** (Sullivan, 2012), Thu, 7. "Clarion Alley Mural Project's 20th Anniversary," Thu, 7. "Not Necessarily Noir III:" **Day of the Wolves** (Grofe, 1971), Fri, 6:10, 10; **Reservoir Dogs** (Tarantino, 1992), Fri, 8 and midnight; **Hard-Boiled** (Woo, 1992), Sat, 1:15, 5:45, 10:15; **To Live and Die in LA** (Friedkin, 1985), Sat, 3:30, 8; **Charley Varrick** (Siegel, 1973), Sun, 1, 5:15, 9:30; **One False Move** (Franklin, 1992), Sun, 3:15, 7:30; **Miami Blues** (Armitage, 1990), Mon, 6, 9:55; **Darker Than Amber** (Clouse, 1970), Mon, 8; **Cockfighter** (Hellman, 1974), Tue, 6:15, 10; **Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia** (Peckinpah, 1974), Tue, 8. **Bel Borba Aqui** (Sun and Costantini, 2012), Oct 19-25, 6:45, 8:40 (also Sat-Sun, 3:15, 5).

SFMOMA 151 Third St, SF; www.sfcinematheque.org. $10. "The Lighted Field: Beings and Relations," experimental films presented in conjunction with the "Field Conditions" exhibit, Thu, 7.

TANNERY 708 Gilman, Berk; berkeleyundergroundfilms.blogspot.com. Donations accepted. "Berkeley Underground Film Society:" **M** (Lang, 1931), Sun, 7:30

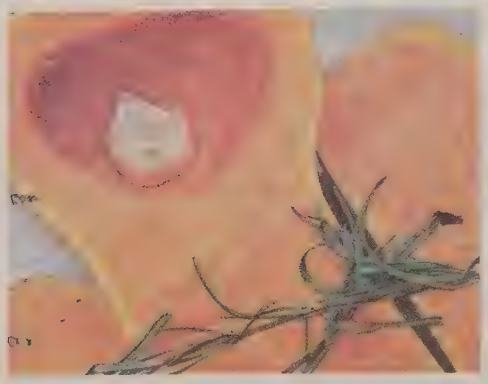
2969 MISSION SF; www.answersf.org. $5-10. **Hawaii: A Voice for Sovereignty** (Bauknight, 2009), Sat, 7.

"UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION FILM FESTIVAL" Various Bay Area venues; www.unaff.org. $10-75. Documentary films about human rights and social justice issues, Oct 18-28.

VORTEX ROOM 1082 Howard, SF; Facebook: The Vortex Room. $7. "Don't Fear the Vortex:" •**The Mephisto Waltz** (Wendkos, 1971), Thu, 9, and **Love Me Deadly** (Lacerte, 1973), Thu, 11.

YERBA BUENA CENTER FOR THE ARTS 701 Mission, SF; www.ybca.org. $6-10. **Side By Side** (Kenneally, 2012), Thu and Sat, 7:30; Sun, 2. SFBG

Feast | A food and drink guide



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FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT FILED NO. A-0346463-00 The following per- son is doing business as Method Speaking, 350 Townsend St. #423 San Francisco, CA 94107. This business is conducted by limited an individual. Registrant commenced business under the above-listed fictitious business name on the date Oct 1, 2012. Signed by Alan Ovson. This statement was filed by Maribel Jaldon, Deputy County Clerk, on Oct 1, 2012. L#2002, Publication Dates: Oct 10, 17, 24, 31, 2012.

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT FILED NO. A-0345900-00 The following per- son is doing business as Peacock Rebel- lion, 110 Clinton Park San Francisco, CA 94103. This business is conducted by limit- ed an individual. Registrant com- menced business under the above-listed fictitious business name on the date Sep 18, 2012. Signed by Manish Vaidya. This statement was filed by Michael Jaldon, Deputy County Clerk, on Sep 18, 2012. L#100065, Publi- cation Dates: Sep 26, Oct 3, 10, 17, 2012.

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT FILED NO. A-0346368-00. The following person is doing business as RN Consulting Services, 45 Webster St. San Francisco, CA 94117. This business is conducted by limit- ed an individual. Registrant commenced business under the above-listed fictitious business name on the date Oct. 10, 2012. Signed by Eve Cohen. This statement was filed by Jennifer Wong, Deputy County Clerk, on Oct. 10, 2012. L#2007, Publica- tion Dates: Oct. 17, 24, 31, Nov. 7, 2012.

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT FILED NO. A-0346310-00. The following person is doing business as HALE, 2837 Wawona St. San Francisco, CA 94116. This business is conducted by limited an indi- vidual. Registrant commenced business un- der the above-listed fictitious business name on the date Oct. 5, 2012. Signed by Denyse Hale. This statement was filed by Elsa Campos, Deputy County Clerk, on Oct. 5, 2012. L#2006, Publication Dates: Oct. 17, 24, 31, Nov. 7, 2012.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHANGE IN OWNERSHIP OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE LICENSE. Date of Filing Application: June 26, 2012. To Whom It May Concern: The name of the applicant is: Gracias Madre, LLC. The applicant listed above is applying to The Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control to sell alcoholic beverages at: 2211 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94110-1811. Type of Licenses Applied for: 41 - ON-SALE BEER AND WINE - EATING PLACE. L#2005; Publication Date: Oct 17, 2012.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO SELL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES Date of Filing Application: Sep 20, 2012. To Whom It May Concern: The name of the applicant is: Eno St. Francis, LLC. The applicant listed above is applying to The Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control to sell alcoholic beverages at: 310-320 Geary St. San Francisco, CA 94102. Type of License Applied for: 42 – ON-SALE BEER AND WINE – PUBLIC PREMISES. PUBLICATION DATES: Oct 3, 10, 17, 2012. L#2001

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO SELL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES Date of Filing Application: Sep 14, 2012. To Whom It May Concern: The name of the applicant is: Alamo Mission, LLC. The applicant listed above is applying to The Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control to sell alcoholic beverages at: 2550 Mission St. San Francisco, CA 94110. Type of License Applied for: 47 – ON-SALE GENERAL EATING PLACE. PUBLICATION DATES: Oct, 3, 10, 17, 2012. L#2000

NOTICE OF PETITION TO ADMINISTER ESTATE OF: Melvin Eugene Thomas. CASE NUMBER: RP12647672. To all heirs, beneficiaries, creditors, contingent creditors, and persons who may otherwise be interested in the will or estate, or both, of Melvin Eugene Thomas. A Petition for Probate has been filed by: Damani Thomas in the Superior Court of California, County of Alameda. The Petition for Probate requests that Damani Thomas be appointed as personal representative to administer the estate of the decedent. The petition requests authority to administer the estate under the Independent Administration of Estates Act. The independent administration authority will be granted unless an interested person files an objection to the petition and shows good cause why the court should not grant authority. A Hearing on the petition will be held in this court Superior Court of California, County of Alameda, 1225 Fallon St. Oakland, CA 94612 as follows: Oct 24, 2012, Probate Department, Time: 9:30 AM in Dept. 201. Endorsed Filed, Alameda County Superior Court of California on Sep 12, 2012 by Judith Sallee, Deputy Clerk. If you object to the granting of the petition, you should appear at the hearing and state your objections or file written objections with the court before the hearing. Your appearance may be in person or by your attorney. If you are a creditor or a contingent creditor of the decedent, you must file your claim with the court and mail a copy to the personal representative appointed by the court within four months of the date of first issuance of letters as provided in Probate Code section 9100. The time for filing claims will not expire before four months from the hearing date noticed above. Attorney for petitioner: Michael L. Corman, APC at 740 Front St., STE 200 Santa Cruz, CA 95060 L#100068, Publication dates: Sep 26, Oct 3, 10, 17, 2012

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME CASE NUMBER: RG12635970. SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF Alameda, 1225 Fallon St. Oakland, CA 94612. PETITION OF Conrad Donald Huth IV for change of name. TO ALL INTERESTED PERSONS: Petitioner Conrad Donald Huth IV filed a petition with this court for a decree changing names as follows: Present Name: Conrad Donald Huth IV, Proposed Name: Conrad Phillipus Augustus Pitheau. THE COURT ORDERS that all persons interested in this matter shall appear before this court at the hearing indicated below to show cause, if any, why the petition for change of name should not be granted. NOTICE OF HEARING Date: 10/26/2012. Time: 9:30 AM, DEPT. 31. Signed by Judge of Superior Court on June 22, 2012. L#100070, Publication dates: Sept. 26, Oct 3, 10, 17, 2012.

SUMMONS CASE NUMBER: 37-2012-00093583-CU-PA-CTL. NOTICE TO DEFENDANTS: Danajane Eymer Vargas YOU ARE BEING SUED BY PLAINTIFF: Martin Stuhler. You have 30 CALENDAR DAYS after this summons and legal papers are served on you to file a written response at this court and have a copy served on the Plaintiff. A letter or phone call will not protect you. Your written response must be in proper legal form if you want the court to hear your case. There may be a court form that you can use for your response. You can find these court forms and more information at the California Courts Online Self-Help Center (www.courtinfo.ca.gov/selfhelp), your county law library, or the courthouse nearest you. If you cannot pay the filing fee, ask the court clerk for a fee waiver form. If you do not file your response on time, you may lose the case by default, and your wages, money and property may be taken without further warning from the court. There are other legal requirements. You may want to call an attorney right away. If you do not know an attorney, you may want to call an attorney referral service. If you cannot afford an attorney, you may be eligible for free legal services from a nonprofit legal services program. You can locate these nonprofit groups at the California Legal Services Web site (www.lawhelpcalifornia.org), The California Courts Online Self-Help Center (www.courtinfo.ca.gov/self-help), or by contacting your local court or county bar association. The name and address of this court is: San Francisco County Superior, 400 McAllister Street, San Francisco, CA 94102 The name, address, and telephone number of plaintiff's attorney, or plaintiff without an attorney, is: Kane Han- del SBN 131624 at 3525 Del Mar Heights Rd., STE 231 San Diego, CA 92130 Publishing dates: Aug 29, Oct 3, 10, 17 2012. L#100066

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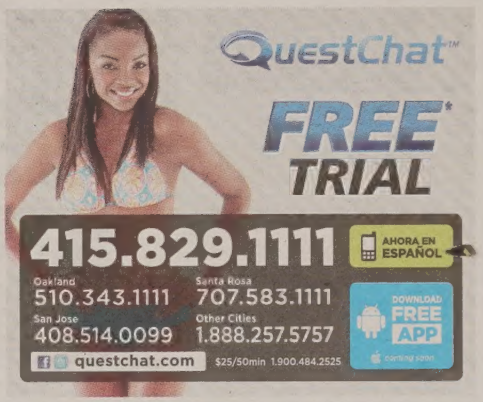

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